The Post

Sunday Special

NO. 612. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.] SUNDAY, MAY 6, 1917. PRICE ONE PENNY.

FRENCH TAKE OVER 5000 PRISONERS

FRENCH RESUME THE OFFENSIVE.

BRITISH SUCCESSES IN MANY AIR BATTLES.

ENEMY INTRODUCE NEW GAS SHELL BARRAGE.

A great new battle has begun on the heights north of the Aisne. Our French Allies have had important successes, and have taken over 5000 prisoners.

A new system of shell barrage has been introduced by the Germans, consisting of vast quantities of gas shells. This was first used on a large scale in the Aisne fighting.

Sir Douglas Haig, in his Saturday night's despatch, reports the destruction of five German aeroplanes. Four others were driven down out of control, and one was shot down by our gun fire. Two British machines are missing.

BRILLIANT FRENCH SUCCESS ON NEW BATTLE ON THE AISNE.

Paris, Saturday Night.

The French official report to-night says:—

To-day our operations continued to develop in conjunction with those of the British armies in the region to the north-east of Soissons and on the Chemin des Dames.

In spite of the stubborn resistance of the Germans, who threw large contingents ruthlessly into the struggle, our troops gained very brilliant successes.

To the south-east of Vauxaillon we attacked the salient of the Hindenburg line, and captured the German positions on a front of about six kilometres.

The enemy suffered exceptionally heavy losses in the course of his counter-attacks, which were broken by our artillery and machine gun fire.

In the region of the Chemin des Dames our infantry captured the whole of the plateau from the east of Cerny-en-Laonnais to the east of Craonne, in spite of the enemy's resistance and counter-attacks.

The number of prisoners counted in the course of the day now exceeds 4300, to which must be added the 1000 captured yesterday.

FRENCH TRIUMPH ON AISNE.

ENEMY'S GAS SHELL BOMBARDMENT.

(BY PRESS ASSOCIATION SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Press Camp, French Headquarters, Saturday Night.

On the left wing of the Aisne Champagne battlefield the French yesterday achieved two notable successes by the capture of Craonne and the advance through the Aisne final Valley between Berry-au-Bac and Juvre.

The taking of Craonne is an event of first-class importance. It marks the final failure of the German attempts to drive the French from the Chemin des Dames Crest, and crowns with definite success the long-enduring courage of the French troops who for the past ten days have maintained themselves on the crest without yielding an inch, despite of the most desperate efforts of the enemy to dislodge them.

Rivers of German blood have been shed in the counter-attacks on the French position on the crest, notably at Hurtebise Farm. Rafales of artillery fire from the German batteries on the farther side of the Ailette Valley swept them continuously. The French in the captured German shelters waited until the Teutonic fury had spent itself, then resumed their own attack, debouching from the crest into the Ailette Valley, capturing Craonne and the enemy works north and east of it.

Threat to Corbeny.

This brings them to the eastern edge of the Craonne plateau, endangers Corbeny, disengages the left flank of the French on the Bois des Buttes, which hitherto was badly embarrassed by the enemy's batteries in the woods about Craonne.

I watched the French attack in the Suippe valley yesterday morning from the height overlooking the valley on the western side. The hills, which fringe the river on both sides here, drop down to an undulating plain. Across the valley are the great wooded crests of Brimont, over four hundred feet high, which is still in German hands and populous with German guns.

Beyond the railway is a wood in which the fiercest fighting of the day occurred.

The infantry dashed at their usual speed through the enemy defences.

Germans' Gas-Shell Bombardment.

The main feature of the German resistance was a bombardment with gas shells of the French first-line battery positions. The shells, instead of exploding in the usual volcanic burst of smoke, earth, and metal, broke soundless, emitting squat columns of thick, fleecy, dark-coloured vapour, which spread gradually along the ground and remained for many minutes before being driven into space by the wind.

It was curious to watch the efforts of the German gunners to reach the French batteries with poison projectiles. None of them came within half a mile of the targets for which they were feeling.

The advance of the French brings their line within close touch of Suippe.

BRITISH AIR SUCCESS.

TEN ENEMY MACHINES BROUGHT DOWN.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

The following despatch has been received from Sir Douglas Haig, dated 8.40 p.m. Saturday:—

There is nothing of special interest to report from the battle front.

Yesterday fighting in the air again resulted in our favour. Five German machines were brought down by our aeroplanes, and four others were driven down out of control.

In addition one enemy machine was shot down by our anti-aircraft guns.

Two of our aeroplanes are missing.

88 ENEMY MACHINES DOWN IN ONE WEEK.

London, Saturday Night.

The British air service is maintaining a steady superiority over the German aviators on the Western front. Including the losses announced in to-night's communique from British Headquarters, since last Sunday forty-eight German aeroplanes have been totally destroyed either in aerial combats or by gunfire from the British lines, while forty other machines were driven down out of control, a proportion of these being probably completely wrecked. As against this total of eighty-eight hostile machines put out of action, General Sir Douglas Haig has reported thirty-six British aeroplanes to be missing during the same period.

PITCHED BATTLES ON ARRAS FRONT.

ENEMY'S MASSED COUNTER-ATTACKS.

(BY PRESS ASSOCIATION'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

War Correspondents' Headquarters, France, Saturday Night,

This has been a week of incessant and most severe fighting along the entire front of the British offensive.

Conflicts have been more in the nature of pitched battles than most of the previous fighting on a similar scale, since there has been comparatively small change in the line as a result of the surging struggles.

But apart from the question of positions territory counts for nothing in the present phase of the war. We cannot estimate the course of armageddon just now by following the advice of Betham Hollweg and looking at the map, but rather by keeping tally of the number of fresh divisions from his strategic reserve which the enemy is throwing in and using up.

Our Tactics Against Enemy Counter-Attacks.

At the risk of appearing trite I would again emphasise the point that we have entered upon the stage of intensive exhaustion, and that our primary business is to wear the enemy down as hard as possible anywhere he may now choose to stand and submit to the process.

This, as far as I am able to judge, is the doctrine upon which our offensive is being conducted, and if a German counter-attack launched in dense masses results in a local re-entry at a cost several fold that of our own casualties then the ground is well lost—for it is a mathematical certainty that such tactics must lead up to a point when the defence can no longer withstand the pressure it has sought to ward off by this ruthless expenditure of man-power, and then the recovery of terrain will only be limited by the speed of the enemy's retreat.

The Germans are now desperately trying to turn inevitable defeat into a momentary appearance of success, even though it be the negative success of an ostensibly unbreakable resistance, and we are meeting their shock tactics with the smallest volume of men and the greatest energy of artillery as is practicable with maintenance of the initiative. This, as I understand it, is the strategic situation at the present moment.

Germans and Our Casualties.

The Germans appear also to take the same view, judging by the tenor of their wireless communique. For some days past they have almost grotesquely exaggerated our losses. Now, whilst they have no means of ascertaining our losses they are under no illusion as to their own, and they probably feel under the necessity of trying to justify the appalling total which must presently be revealed by seeking to show that our own casualties were even heavier.

We have long since learned that the Germans lie as thoroughly as they do most things, but it is seldom that their motive is quite so palpable as in dealing with the battle around Arras.

Hour of the Supreme Test has Arrived.

Those who have always held that the real decision would come upon the Western front must now realise that the hour of the supreme test has arrived.

Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig has foiled the efforts of the Huns to elude his plans for a great spring offensive, and has forced them to join battle upon a scale which must determine the issue of the war.

We are fighting out the struggle on a much greater scale and at a much greater pace than ever before.

I recall at the end of 1915 that a German officer prisoner said to the intelligence officer who was interrogating him—"I cannot tell you when this war will end, but I can tell you where it will end, and that will be within a few yards of where the two armies now stand."

"A few yards" now run into a good many leagues. But it has run into something much more terrible to the country of that prisoner officer than he could have contemplated.

MR BALFOUR AT U.S. CONGRESS.

PRESIDENT WILSON ATTENDS.

STATES GIVE NEW LOAN TO BRITAIN.

Washington, Saturday.

The House of Representatives received Mr Balfour and the members of the British Commission. The President and Mrs Wilson were present.

The galleries were crowded, and there was enthusiastic cheering.

Senators, neutral and Allied diplomats, together with hundreds of plain citizens waited a long time for the arrival of the distinguished visitors.

Mr Balfour was escorted to the Speaker's desk by Sir Cecil Spring Rice, accompanied by the other Commissioners.

For the first time in history the President sat in the gallery of the House, and applauded vigorously when Mr Balfour denounced German autocracy. The President had slipped in quietly, and was unnoticed for five minutes.

Mr Balfour said:—"Will you permit me, on behalf of my friends and myself to express our deepest and most sincere thanks for the reception given us to-day. We all feel the greatness of the honour. I rejoice to think that a very old member of the British House of Commons has been received here to-day by a sister assembly with such kindness as you have shown me and my friends.

"These two Assemblies, the greatest and oldest of the five such Assemblies governing the great nations of the world, each represents the great democratic principles to which we look forward to secure the future peace of the world."

U.S. NEW LOAN TO BRITAIN.

GREAT RESPONSE TO LIBERTY LOAN.

Washington, Saturday.

An additional loan to Great Britain of 250,000,000 dollars was made to-day.

The nation's response to the Loan of Liberty has resulted in a positive deluge of gold.

Subscriptions are pouring in at such a rate as to threaten a block on the telegraph lines leading to the city. Practically every messenger boy in the service is busily employed in delivering telegraphic applications to the Loan.

There has been no diminution in the rate at which applications to the Loan are being received at the Treasury, and these now amount to twenty millions of dollars hourly.

There is every prospect of the issue being over-subscribed.

AUSTRALIAN ELECTION RESULTS.

MR HUGHES RE-ELECTED

Melbourne, Saturday.

A Government majority in the House of Representatives is assured.

The Senate results are uncertain.

Mr Hughes has been re elected.

Melbourne, Saturday.

The earliest returns for the Commonwealth Federal elections, which were held to-day, indicate that the Nationalists will win several seats in the House of Representatives.

ALLIES' CONFERENCE AT PARIS.

"Most Important Matters Settled."

Paris, Saturday.

The Inter-Allied Joint Conference has met at Paris during the last four days, and after a continuous conference the most important matters have been decided.

Among those taking part were:—Mr Lloyd George, M. Ribot, Admiral Lacaze, M. Violette, Generals Nivelle and Petain.

MANY COTTON FIRES AT BOMBAY.

Incendiarism Suspected.

Bombay, Saturday.

There has been a recrudescence of cotton fires in Bombay. Twenty-eight broke out during April, and there was another big outbreak yesterday.

The damage done up to the present is estimated at nine lakhs of rupees.

Incendiarism is suspected, and the Insurance companies are offering rewards for the discovery of the culprits.

BETTER NEWS FROM RUSSIA.

DELEGATES AND THE GOVERNMENT.

DUMA TO BE CONVOKED.

London, Saturday Night.

To-day's news from Petrograd is to some extent reassuring. The Council of Workers' and Soldiers' delegates accepted by a majority a Government explanation of its Note of May 1.

There was some rioting and bloodshed yesterday. The root of the trouble lies in the Russian Provisional Government's dual statement of foreign policy. In a proclamation on April 10 it laid down its principles as follows:—

> The Russian nation does not lust after the strengthening of its power abroad at the expense of other nations. Its aim is not to subjugate or humiliate anyone.

Then on May 1 came the communication to Russia's Allies of a Note signed by M. Milinkoff, the Foreign Secretary, which was interpreted by the Petrograd Socialists as endorsing the Allied war programme, and pledging Russia to fight for the acquisition of Constantinople and Alsace-Lorraine.

The extremes of Russian thought on this question are represented by M. Milinkoff, who is and has been throughout frankly Imperialist, and on the other hand by M. Kerensky, Minister of Justice in the Provisional Government.

As Russia is the only belligerent country in Europe in which the men who actually fight have any voice in deciding the national policy—they speak through the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' delegates—the progress of the present controversy will be watched with anxious interest.

It is announced that the Duma will be convoked in extraordinary session to-morrow for the first time since the Revolution. The Council has passed a vote of confidence in the Government by a majority of 35. Twe thousand five hundred delegates voted.

GOVERNMENT'S MAY 1 NOTE.

Explanation of Russia's War Aims.

Petrograd, Saturday.

The following is the text of the Provisional Government's explanation of its Note of 1st May:—

In face of doubts which have arisen as to the interpretation of the Note addressed by the Minister for Foreign Affairs to the Allied Governments on May 1 as to Russia's war aims, the Provisional Government thinks it necessary to offer the following explanation:—

(1) The Note was subjected to a long and detailed examination by the Provisional Government and was unanimously approved.

(2) It is obvious that the note in speaking of a decisive victory has in view the solution of the problems which were mentioned in the communication of April 9, and which were thus specified:—"The Government deems it to be its right and duty to declare now that free Russia does not aim at domination of other nations, at depriving them of their natural patrimony, or at occupying by force foreign territories, but that its object is to establish a durable peace on the basis of the rights of nations to decide their own destiny. The Russian nation does not lust after strengthening of its power abroad at the expense of other nations. Its aim is not to subjugate or humiliate anyone." In the name of the higher principles of equity the Russian people has broken the chains which fettered the Polish nation, but it will not suffer that its own country shall emerge from the great struggle humiliated or weakened in its vital forces.

(3) In referring to the penalties and guarantees essential to a durable peace, the Provisional Government had in view the reduction of armaments, the establishment of international tribunals, &c.

The explanation will be communicated by the Minister for Foreign Affairs to the Ambassadors of Allied Powers.

WORKERS' DELEGATES FORBID DEMONSTRATIONS.

Petrograd, Saturday.

In consequence of the disorders which occurred yesterday in Petrograd, the Executive Committee of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates has decided unanimously to forbid all public meetings or demonstrations for the next two days, and to regard as a traitor to the cause of Revolution anyone who shall incite others to take part in armed demonstrations or who shall fire a shot.

THE CHAMPAGNE FRONT.

100,000 SHELLS FALL INTO RHEIMS.

HINDENBURG LOSES 37 DIVISIONS.

Paris, Saturday.

Mr Henry Wood, the United Press correspondent with the French armies, writes that from Fort Brimont during the past month the Germans have fired nearly 100,000 shells into Rheims.

When Friday's attack was launched the entire concentration of German artillery on the Brimont Mount Fort and Forest abandoned Rheims Cathedral as a target and turned northwards, sweeping the Suippe Valley to its confluence with the Aisne.

Throughout the entire day scarcely five minutes elapsed during which the German batteries did not lay a gas cloud at some point or other along the front and for miles behind, depending on the wind to carry it into its objective.

Gas clouds were laid endlessly on both sides of the French line and others were laid before the successive rows of artillery which German guns were otherwise unable to silence. Still other clouds were directed against the advancing or trench defending infantry. When no other object was attainable clouds were laid apparently with the sole object of eventually exhausing the efficacy of the French gas masks. Yet, steadily throughout the day, the French infantry continued to advance while the artillery continued its interminable bombardment.

It is calculated that Hindenburg is left with not more than half a dozen out of his total forty-three reserve divisions.

GREAT COUPS IN THE WEST POSSIBLE.

Hindenburg's Disappearing Reserves.

London, Saturday Night.

According to a military authority it may be roughly calculated that there remain 500,000 reserves available for Hindenburg between now and the summer. These have been obtained by the use of forced foreign labour in munition factories, and, with the exception of youths and wounded men who may recover, they are definitely Germany's last men fit to be soldiers.

At the present rate of wastage in France this reserve will be used up in a very short time, and the greater the pressure in the West the less possibility is there of Hindenburg launching an offensive on some other front unless some untoward event should occur in Russia, whereby large numbers of German troops could be released.

The prospects of a decision this year seem therefore very good. Apart from the inevitable victory which a war of attrition ought soon to put into our hands, there are possibilities growing stronger daily of great coups in the West.

At the moment all's well.

ATTACK BY FRENCH DIVISIONS.

Berlin's Version of Aisne Fighting.

London, Saturday Night.

The German official report to-day, dealing with the French front, says:—

Army of the German Crown Prince.—On the Aisne front the artillery battle continues with a tremendous expenditure of ammunition. Strong enemy reconnoitring advances were repulsed at many places. Fights have developed for possession of the Winterburg, west of Craonne. The engagements have not yet concluded.

Following a lengthy and most profuse artillery fire, attacks by four French divisions between the Aisne and Brimont broke down.

As is proved by papers which have been captured, the objective of the attack lay several kilometres behind the foremost line. Thanks to the stout resistance by our troops the enemy succeeded only in gaining a footing in the front trench of a protruding salient.

East of Neuville French troops, which had temporarily penetrated, were driven out with a loss of 500 prisoners and several machine guns. South of the Aisne renewed attacks made during the evening hours were unable to turn the defeat.

North of Prosnes renewed French attempts carried out by several divisions with the object of taking posession of our positions on the heights there failed. The French paid with the heaviest losses for their temporary small gains of terrain to the south-east of Mauroy. Counter-attacks put our infantry again in complete possession of their former lines. Over 100 prisoners were brought in.

The enemy yesterday lost seven aeroplanes and one captive balloon.

By an aerial attack on Ostend a large number of Belgians were killed and wounded. No military damage was done.

SEDITIOUS LITERATURE IN GERMAN TRENCHES.

London, Saturady Night.

According to a report published here to-night, in the recent advance on the Arras front there was found in the German trenches a large amount of seditious literature alluding to the Kaiser and his autocratic Government in the most uncomplimentary terms. This literature has been brought to London, and is being translated.

UNITY OF FRONT IN WEST.

WAR APPROACHING ITS CLOSE.

M. RIBOT ON THE ENEMY'S POSITION.

Paris, Saturday Night.

M. Ribot, the Premier, speaking at a luncheon given at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in honour of the British and Italian delegates to the Inter-Allied Parliamentary Conference, reminded his hearers of the fact that while the fourth meeting of the delegates was to be held in Petrograd their Russian friends were not able to be with them on that occasion.

"You will, however," he said, "soon be able to send to the banks of the Neva representatives of all the countries now fighting in the cause of liberty. It will be a great day when the delegates of Great Britain, France, and Italy find themselves together with those of the United States, Belgium, Serbia, Roumania, and Portugal. Japan and China will not fail to be represented, nor will delegates of the South American Republics be absent.

"Those whom the war has united will never be divided after the conclusion of peace, because it will be imperative for them to protect from a return to barbarism that which they have rescued at the cost of so much suffering and so many sacrifices.

"The war has not ended, but step by step it is approaching its denouement, and the enemy is displaying both fatigue and anxiety."

"It no longer remains with the Germans to initiate attacks. That famous Hindenburg line, behind which they believed themselves secure, has it not already been broken at one point, and will not the Germans be compelled to engage in furious fighting to gain the time required to construct with all haste their new defences? We for our part are pressing the enemy simultaneously with the pressure exerted by our Allies of Britain. They are obliged to call against us all their reserves, and, in spite of all their formidable artillery, they are doubling up under our grip.

"And that little British Army which they affected to treat as 'contemptible'! It has become a magnificent army, capable of manœuvring and dealing the most redoubtable blows. A unity of front exists to such perfection that it could not be more complete. And under the accepted direction of the Chief of the French Army the two armies are working and fighting according to one plan, are animated by the same ardour, and are obedient to one and the same idea. We have already seen and will see soon on the other fronts and the same success attained, thanks to the valour and tenacity of our Allies. The entry of the United States gives us a certainty of ultimate victory.

"Germany feels this to be so, and is multiplying her tentative manœuvres in the hope of everywhere inclining people's minds towards an immediate peace. Truly we desire peace as much as anyone, but we do not desire a peace which would leave untouched those problems from which this war sprang and which this war must solve.

SHIPPING BETWEEN BRITAIN AND HOLLAND.

Important Negotiations in Progress.

London, Saturday Night.

The Central News learns from an official source that negotiations are now taking place between the British and Netherlands Governments with the object of increasing shipping facilities between this country and Holland.

Mynheer Enouck Hurgronje, one of the leading officials of the Dutch Foreign Office, has arrived in London, and is in charge of the negotiations on behalf of the Dutch Government.

ITALIAN ARTILLERY ACTIVE.

Air Raid on Gorizia.

Rome, Saturday Night.

The Italian communique to-night reports violent artillery fire on the Carnia and Carso fronts.

Our fire caused a big explosion on the slope of Mount Seluggio, while the enemy hit a medical post, notwithstanding the fact that it bore the Geneva Cross visibly displayed.

During the night four hostile aeroplanes bombed Gorizia without causing casualties or doing damage.

WHAT THE GERMANS THINK OF BRITISH PAPERS

WHY PAPER IS RUNNING SHORT HERE.

The following appears in the Frankfurter Zeitung—one of the most influential newspapers in Germany:—

"There is not the slightest doubt that the British press is a most powerful institution in the camp of our chief enemy. The British editors have a strange but happy knack of presenting their papers in such a manner as to enlist the sympathy of their people and the neutral nations. We are not suggesting for a moment that the British press always tells the truth, but the fact remains that they are most convincing to their readers. If the result of the U boat campaign could see the British press crippled then it would be a partial riddance of one of their most formidable weapons against us."

From this announcement it is not difficult to understand why the German submarines are making efforts to sink every possible boat carrying paper or pulp for this country.

POSITION OF JEWS IN PALESTINE.

ANXIETY OVER THREATS OF MASSACRE.

London, Saturday Night.

Reuter's Agency understands the highest Jewish circles in England are extremely pessimistic about the continued ill-treatment and threatened massacre of the Jews in Palestine. It is felt, now that the United States have entered the war, the only country that might make advances to the Turks in the matter is Holland. Spain is more or less out of the question, for there are very few Jews there. It is feared any protest, whether from Holland or any other country, would not have much effect.

U.S. VESSELS SUNK.

Crew Shake Fists at Cowardly Pirates.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Captain Harris, of the American vessel Vaccuum, which was torpedoed by a German submarine, has been admitted to Glasgow Western Infirmary, together with his chief officer and boatswain and two American bluejackets, suffering from the effects of exposure.

Captain Harris, who belongs to the American Mercantile Marine, stated that the Vaccuum had a crew of forty-nine men, including twelve American bluejackets and a naval lieutenant, and was returning to the United States in ballast. When about 150 miles from land in the morning a German submarine shot up suddenly about forty feet from the port bow. They saw the periscope only, but the submarine travelled swiftly, and crossed the bow of the vaccuum without rising to the surface.

The submarine launched a torpedo from astern, which struck the Vaccuum in a line with the third hatch. In about half a minute the Vaccuum stood up in the water with the stern submerged. Their three boats were all in readiness, and soon all the ship's complement, with the exception of four of the engine-room staff, were overboard. These four men were never seen again. There were eighteen men in the captain's boat, but, clearing the ship, he picked up the lieutenant, two bluejackets, and the quartermaster, who had been aft when the torpedo struck the vessel, and had to jump overboard.

Shook Fists at Pirates.

The men in No. 3 boat were nearest the submarine, but not close enough to do more than shake their fists at the Germans. The crew of the submarine took no notice, and after the ship sank it submerged, and was not seen again.

During the first night it was intensely cold, and ten of the fourteen men remaining in the captain's boat died from exposure, the captain and three others only remaining. To make matters worse, the boat turned completely over twice in the darkness of the night, and it was only by almost superhuman exertions that the men were able to right her and get on board. The second mate, however, died soon afterwards. About noon on the next day the captain and his two companions were overjoyed to come upon No. 3 boat. In this boat seven of the nine men survived, two having expired from exposure during the night.

Thirty-three survivors of the crew of the American steamer Rockingham have reached an Irish port. The vessel was attacked simultaneously by two submarines. The captain, by skilful tacking, contrived for a time to evade the submarines, but eventually the steamship was overhauled by one of the enemy boats, and a torpedo struck her on the starboard side near the engine-room, killing Assistant Engineer Margery, and wounding a greaser. One lifeboat was smashed by the explosion. The crew left the vessel in three other boats, and the Rockingham sank in twenty-five minutes. No warning was given, and the submarine commander refused to help the victims. Two lifeboats were picked up by patrol boats, but one boat, containing fourteen men, is still missing.

MEN ON FARM WORK.

London, Saturday.

An Army Council instruction was issued to-night with regard to the calling up of men employed in agriculture in England and Wales. The instruction does not apply to Scotland. It stipulates that only men certified by the Executive Committee of a County War Agriculture Committee to be whole time engaged on a farm on farm work come within the terms. Pending further instructions from the War Cabinet, the number of men to be taken from agriculture is not to exceed the 30,000 already ordered to be taken.

No man exempted by the Tribunals is to be taken while the exemption is in force, and no man who is below category "A" is to be removed from agriculture except by agreement with the Executive Committee of the War Agricultural Committee of the county. All women and all lent soldiers are outside and in addition to the last-named agreement.

LATEST WIRES.

General Alexieff, the Russian Commander-in-Chief, has left Petrograd for the front.

The Swedish Social Demokraten states that on June 10 the Socialist Peace Conference will open at Stockholm.

The Indian War Loan has reached eleven lakhs of rupees in one month, and war gifts from all quarters continue steadily to come in.

A captured document found on the Western front, signed by Von Hindenburg, reveals drastic reductions in the rationing of the German troops.

According to the official communique from Vienna, on the evening of May 3 Austrian seaplanes set fire to the greater part of the camp at Sagrado. An hour after the attack the fire was still visible from Trieste.

On Monday the Secretary for Scotland will introduce a Bill to prohibit the use in shops and other places in Scotland of certain machines or mechanical contrivances by the operation of which prizes or stakes in money or kind are won or lost.

SCARCITY OF FOOD.

MORE RIOTS IN GERMANY.

BLOODSHED IN STREETS OF MAINZ.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Rotterdam correspondent of the Telegraaf says a person who has returned from Germany was a spectator of serious disturbances which were made at Mainz by about 1600 people. Shops, he says, were pillaged and windows smashed.

Troops were summoned, who fired, killing eight persons. About 500 arrests were made. Soldiers then patrolled the streets.

At Mannheim, according to the same informant, workers at a bomb factory struck on April 16 until they had received assurances that their bread ration would be increased.

Another account says the disturbances were intended as a protest against the food scarcity. A crowd of about 1300, including many women demonstrators, pillaged shops, and windows were broken everywhere. Soldiers were summoned in hot haste, and intervened forcibly, shots being fired. The streets were strongly patrolled by troops, who were ordered to fire on passers-by on the slightest provocation. Soldiers with loaded rifles kept people moving in the middle of the roadways, and prevented them walking on the sidewalks alongside the houses.

FOOD SUPPLIES FROM SCOTTISH FISHERIES.

COMMITTEE COMING TO SCOTLAND.

London, Saturday Night.

The Committee, consisting of Mr J. E. Sutherland, M.P., chairman; Provost Malcolm Smith, Mr H. S. Moss Blundell, Mr P. J. Rose, Paymaster D. T. Jones, R.N.R., and Mr Arthur Towle, appointed by the Secretary for Scotland to consider the means by which, under existing conditions, the greatest quantity of food can be made available from the Scottish Sea Fisheries for home consumption, has held a number of sittings in London, and is making substantial progress with its inquiries.

The Committee proposes to proceed to Scotland on Thursday, the 10th inst., to continue its investigations. Any person wishing to submit evidence or information to the Committee should communicate with the secretary, Mr W. A. C. Goodchild, up to the 10th inst. at the Scottish Office, Whitehall, London, S.W., and after that date till further notice at the office of the Fishery Board for Scotland, 101 George Street, Edinburgh.

DEFENCE OF REALM CASE.

Allegations Against Traveller.

St Albans, Saturday.

Arthur Lessary, a commercial traveller, said to be employed by a Sheffield firm, was charged under the Defence of the Realm Act at St Albans with having endeavoured to elicit information of such a nature as to be, directly or indirectly, useful to the enemy. He was remanded without bail.

Accused was stated in evidence to have got into conversation with a soldier in a boot repairer's shop at St Albans, and to have asked him certain questions about the number of troops in the town and the strength of the battalion. He also asked whether there had been any Zeppelin raids lately, and what were the anti-aircraft defences of the place. He mentioned the submarine menace, and said that Germany could blockade Britain if she liked. Next day the same soldier saw the accused again in the goods yard of the railway station, and heard him ask questions about the nature of some ammunition which was being unloaded. He reported his suspicions to a corporal, and as a result Lessary was arrested.

ALLEGED BIGAMY BY SOLDIER.

Lance-Corporal Sent For Trial.

London, Saturday.

A lance-corporal's singular excuse for committing bigamy was made at West London to-day by Edward Guinery, West Hampstead. The first wife stated that she married the prisoner in 1910, and they lived together until October, 1916.

Miss Nora Ketteringham said she was in service at Hampstead when she met the prisoner. He said he was a bachelor, and they were married at a registry office. The prisoner in a long statement said that whilst doing recruiting work at Hampstead Town Hall he met Miss Ketteringham. They walked out once or twice, and when he found she was getting rather fond of him he told her that he had a wife and three children, and that this relationship must cease. That upset her, and she left her situation, so he took rooms for her at Willesden, and they lived together. She wrote to her people and told them that she was married, but they wrote back and asked her to send them her marriage lines. Then they threatened to put the matter in the hands of the police, so he thought it better to go through the marriage ceremony with her.

He was sent for trial.

WEARING V.C. RIBBON.

Chesterfield, Saturday.

A dramatic scene occurred at Chesterfield to-day, when the Magistrates ordered the police to take off the Victoria Cross ribbon from a lance-corporal discharged through disablement.

Defendant, who admitted he had not received the medal, said the ribbon was sent to him in hospital at Liverpool for saving the life of a crippled colonel under heavy shell fire last July.

The Chairman remarked that the defendant had no right to masquerade with the ribbon, and the police took possession of it.

DEATH TRAP FOR THE HUNS.

GROUND LITTERED WITH DEAD BOCHE.

QUEER EFFECT OF OUR SHELLFIRE.

London, Saturday Night.

Graphic stories of the fighting in the West were told to-night by wounded officers who have ust returned from the fighting line. A young officer gave a vivid picture of the ground taken from the Germans in the latest fighting on the West front.

We were not in the first days of the move (he said). Our brigade was resting, and held in reserve for reinforcements, though, of course, we knew that we should go up sooner or later. The show went so well, and the casualties were so light, that it was two days longer than we expected before we were moved up.

We marched in close order across what had been "No Man's Land," and there were A.S.C. convoys dotted about in the open where a week or so earlier a mouse couldn't have shown itself and lived. Gives one a rummy feeling, you know, to see that—one gets so used to considering the line as permanent, so to speak.

Of course it's all different once you get moving in a show like this. There are no trenches, and nothing that you have got used to, and you push on with your map, asking men you meet to direct you to places so far behind the old Boche lines that the very names are foreign to you.

They hadn't had time to clean up much when we were going up. I was at Courcelette, and in several of the big shows, but never saw anything like it before. The whole place is littered with dead Boche, bits of Boche belongings, rags of uniform, wire, cartridge cases, all the blessed bazaar.

"As Busy as Market Day."

A bit of regained ground may look small on the map, but you take it from me it is a largish bit to march over, and as busy as market day in a country town. All the guns and all the gunners are moving up, and they miss their last comfy gun-pit where they spent the winter. They quarrel for desirable shell holes like women fighting over a bargain counter. Oh, it's a wonderful land is newly-redeemed France! The only restful thing there is the military police on point duty. "Straight on, sir, and second to the left, past where the village was." You spot the late village because the powdered bricks turn the earth red.

A man from a Midland regiment was, from his remarks, rather resentful. We didn't find any rescued inhabitants in the village we had to take. Our Fourth Battalion, they had their photos in the papers, feeding choclit to the nippers when they took a village. Our village was full of Fritzes and machine guns, and everyone was shelling it.

I thought we'd never finish crawling through the wire, for they had wound thousandt of reels round the place. It was flattened out in places but at this bit I'm talking of it seems to have been sheltered. We got the Fritzes out with bombs, and the noise they make is awful. Talk about moral effect!

I got round the back of a house and put one through a small window. It killed three Huns, and blew out the window frame. We had a bit of a time inside the house, too, by gum! Two of my mates were killed there. The place was full of Germans, but we killed 'em all, close fighting.

One Effect of Our Shellfire.

Said a sergeant:—Some of our shells is queer stuff. We came on a machine-gun crew laid right out without a scratch on them and no dirt or earth from a near burst over them. It was either concussion or gas, but it looked queer, for they all looked so natural instead of being sprawled like ordinary dead. In most parts you couldn't see the trenches for shell holes; the whole series of lines was flattened out, dugouts blown in, and the lot so closely pitted with shell holes of all sizes that you had to do balancing tricks round the lips.

A man who before enlistment was a wool broker in the west country gave his account of a German counter-attack. We saw their leading patrols come out of the mist—little groups sprayed out like fans; then the artillery was 'phoned to, and the guns opened red hell upon them.

They couldn't break back through the barrage, and they couldn't face our machine-gun fire. It was fair slaughter, and cold, horrid work at that, for you could hear the devils screaming between shell bursts. They lost all sense, too, and some ran forward, throwing away their rifles and crying "Kamerad"; others just dropped into the nearest bit of cover and waited to surrender when we advanced.

It was a bit of a valley where we were, and it was a death-trap for them. They thought we were at least a mile further on, and they caught both barrage and machine-gun fire at close quarters. We captured men there from three different regiments, some of them just boys, some pretty hard stuff, but all dam glad to find themselves alive at breakfast time.

A.S.E. AND THE NEW SCHEDULE.

Agreement Reached With Government.

London, Saturday Night.

The Ministry of Munitions announces that as a result of a conference, presided over by Mr Arthur Henderson, with delegates from the Amalgamated Society of Engineers the following telegraphic instruction has been authorised:—

Delegates have reached an agreement with the Government. Arrangements have been come to in connection with the schedule of protected occupations which provide adequate protection for skilled men and apprentices. Delegates urge there should be no stoppage of work.

MUNICIPAL RATIONING.

WHAT WE CAN DO IN SCOTLAND TO AVOID COMPULSION.

GLASGOW CITY TREASURER WANTS FOOD CONTROLLER FOR SCOTLAND.

(EXCLUSIVELY CONTRIBUTED TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

Keighley, Saturday.

WHY should Scotland not carry out the rationing of her own people? Our municipalities and other local authorities have the power in their own hands to inaugurate and control systems for giving effect to the ration allowance. They should use it. Only a lead is wanted.

Keighley, a Yorkshire town of 40,000 inhabitants engaged in the worsted and engineering trades, has already put itself on rations. Why should not our Scottish municipalities undertake this patriotic work? And why should not the Food Controller issue an Order declaring that all cities and communities thus looking after themselves will be free from compulsory rationing? These points are emphasised in the following article, specially contributed to "The Post Sunday Special" by a correspondent who has just visited Keighley.

My visit to Keighley to get first-hand particulars of the organised system of economy resulted in my being introduced to the two gentlemen said to be the founders and directors of the scheme, even if they cannot claim to be the actual inventors.

The work of the War Savings Committee in Keighley resulted in a record sale of certificates. The committee was business-like and enthusiastic. Why shouldn't its energies be turned into a fresh channel? Mr Hugal, the secretary, suggested food saving as its next enterprise, and the present rationing record is the result.

Mr Hugal possesses the quiet, solid virtues of the Yorkshire business man. An amalgamation of his committee with the Health Committee provided him with a colleague in Mr J. C. Dawes, chief sanitary inspector, a gentleman possessed of the enthusiasm of youth, the imagination of the modern scientific student, and the statistical mind of the municipal servant. These two gentlemen welcomed me cordially, and explained how the business was worked.

CAN BE DONE IN SCOTTISH CENTRES.

"Has Keighley any natural features that gives it an advantage over other cities and towns for rationing?" I asked.

"None whatever," was the reply. "You can do in Scotland just what we have done. Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and other Scottish cities can all chime in."

"What did you do first?"

"Why, got our facts together," came the business-like response. "We collected statistics of the import of food by rail, road, and canal. Then collected particulars of all food grown and produced in the neighbourhood."

"Some difficulty there, was there not?"

"Oh, dear no," said Mr Hugal, with a smile at his coadjutor. "That is where the sanitary inspector comes in handy with his department. He can tell you what animals are killed locally, the amount of chilled or frozen meat, poultry, and rabbits that come into the district. Even the amount of horseflesh is useful information that he can provide. He knows who keeps pigs, poultry, etc., and his department can provide most of the statistics required."

"Your next procedure, then?"

"By dividing the total food by the number of the population, we discovered the consumption of food per head. It worked out thus:—Flour, 3.07 lbs.; sugar, .71 lb.; and meat, 2 lbs. per head per week—actually below the ration suggested by Lord Devonport. Some of the food imported into Keighley is, of course, exported by the wholesalers to the surrounding districts, but it is just as easy to check the exports as the imports, and we have done so."

"What are your activities at the present time?"

"We are busy reducing the sugar ration and also endeavouring to popularise suggested substitutes for wheaten flour. We had prepared several thousand half-ounce samples of rice-bread, which we distributed to the scholars of our elementary schools for them to take home to their parents. A leaflet accompanying the sample gave the recipe for the baking of rice bread, and also recipes for the making of bread and cakes from barley, pearl barley, maize, and oatmeal.

"We find the public sympathetic, for we appeal to all classes. Our Food Control Committee is made up of school teachers, trade union leaders, employers of labour, socialists, farmers, butchers, grocers, and many people of independent means.

"As to how we reach all these classes. We hold propaganda meetings, to which different sections of the community are invited. We have had a meeting of confectioners, to whom we gave advice that of course had to be of technical value. Then we had a successful meeting of domestic servants, whose assistance is very valuable. Different trades unions have been visited, and one day we had a meeting of clergymen, who can also render us valuable assistance.

"WE TALK FOOD AND THINK FOOD."

"We have a shop window advertisement, for we believe that we must keep the food question always in the mind of the people. We talk food at our work and during our recreations at Keighley. And we 'think' food all the time. The man who wilfully wastes food here would find himself very unpopular.

"Then we are looking ahead, and if the time should come we shall be ready to provide communal kitchens, so that school children and, if necessary, workpeople also, shall be supplied with food on the most economic principle possible.

"We are highly satisfied with results. In fact, we are so satisfied that we believe that if each city, town, and village tackled the food problem as Keighley has done there would be no necessity for the Food Controller to introduce the rationing system on a compulsory basis. And the work we do makes the food question so important that we find the public using every opportunity and spare moment in working on plots of land available for the production of more home-grown food.

"Yes, Keighley's success could and should be equalled by the nation as a whole. And then victory is assured."

GLASGOW AND FOOD ECONOMY.

SECOND CITY LEADS THE WAY IN SCOTLAND.

Treasurer M'Millan and a Model Scheme.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

To a "Post Sunday Special" representative who interviewed him with regard to what is being done in Keighley in the matter of food economy, Treasurer M'Millan this afternoon suggested that good results might be obtained if an assistant Food Controller were appointed with special reference to Scotland.

There were many points, he said, regarding which wide differences existed as between Scotland and England, and the primary duty of such an assistant would be to keep the Food Controller in touch with all matters peculiar to Scotland. In the matter of bread, for example, the City Treasurer pointed out that in Scotland bread could not be sold until it was at least twelve hours old, while in England, where the great majority of people bake their own bread, there is nothing to prevent them having new bread every day of the week.

Thirty Meetings a Week.

Regarding municipal rationing, Treasurer M'Millan suggested that, since Glasgow Corporation had been asked to take up the question of food economy no city had done more that the Second City of the Empire. Not only had the War Savings Committee, of which he is chairman, instituted a propaganda which, during this week alone, involved the holding of some thirty meetings in different districts of the city, but conferences had been held with other bodies interested, such as the School Boards and the College of Domestic Science, regarding the teaching of economical feeding, and also practical demonstrations as to war-time cookery and dishes within the reach of the most moderate purse.

Glasgow being an important port, and the distributing centre for meat and certain commodities, it was obviously more difficult to collect statistics as to the actual consumption of the various kinds of food; but arrangements had already been made to consult, next week, with bakers and other tradesmen, with the object of ascertaining as definitely as possible the quantities of foodstuffs actually consumed within the four corners of the city.

What is Wanted.

"Unless we have some power, however, it is not easy to do things," added the Treasurer. "After all, you have the selfish individual in every community, and while you may have three-fourths patriotic enough to do what is asked of them, the other quarter may be making hogs of themselves. What is wanted is a man in the City of Glasgow who could collect information on any point which arose, and, knowing Scotland and Scotsmen himself, could advise the Food Controller and keep that gentleman in close touch with Scotland."

If we are to have rationing at all, why not ration everybody, was the question asked by the Treasurer. What we want is power to back up any model scheme which may be initiated on voluntary lines.

Regarding communal kitchens, Mr M'Millan pointed out that the idea had been suggested at a recent conference in Glasgow, and that it had been remitted to a committee to report if and when they were of opinion that such a step was necessary, or in the best interests of the country.

The Woman Who Wouldn't Save.

Bo'ness, Saturday.

In connection with the food economy campaign the Bo'ness and Carriden School Board has arranged a series of demonstrations on war time cookery to be given by teachers from Atholl Crescent Training School of Cookery, Edinburgh. The War Savings Committee has also had the matter under consideration, and at the meeting today Colonel Cadell of Grange said the more intelligent people were already economising and the less intelligent were spendthrift. To reach the latter class they must carry the food campaign into the picture-house, and show, if possible, by diagrams, the effect the submarine menace might have ultimately on the food supply, leading to people dying of starvation. Lectures might be given in the middle of the programme on the need for economising in food. There were some people who would waste. A woman said to him (the speaker), "I have not been accustomed to save all my days, and I'm not going to start now." That was a very sad state of things. A committee was appointed to act in conjunction with the School Board and other agencies in developing a food conscience.

MINERS FOR THE ARMY.

AN "INDIFFERENT" RESPONSE.

LANARKSHIRE MINERS DEMAND "COMB-OUT."

Hamilton, Saturday Night.

From inquiries made to-day at the military recruiting authorities in Hamilton it was officially ascertained that the campaign for the voluntary enlistment of miners is due to close on Tuesday first, 8th May. It will be recalled that a period of eight weeks was allowed in which it was hoped to secure 20,000 young miners for the army, preferably men between the ages of nineteen and twenty-three.

The recruiting authorities are quite emphatic in declaring that, while they have prosecuted the campaign to the utmost of their vigour, the total response can only be characterised as "indifferent." At the outset of the crusade it was stated that if 20,000 miners were not forthcoming by voluntary enlistment the numbers required to complete the total would be called up.

Young Miners' Attitude.

The authorities admit that a contributing factor in their partial failure has been the attitude of many of the younger men towards those of military age who have entered the pits since the date of national registration. The feeling is that those who have no legitimate claim to the mining vocation should, in the first instance, be "combed out."

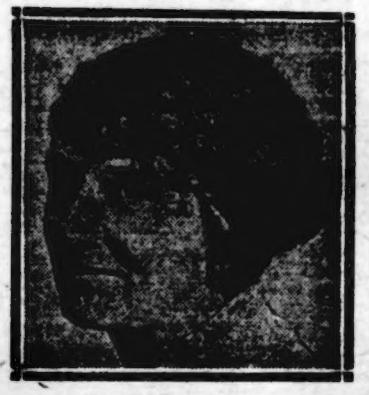
That view of the situation is also held by many of the miners' agents in Lanarkshire, and the cry, "Comb out the shirkers first," has been unmistakable in its effects.

Important New Proposal.

It has been further ascertained to-day that, in common with other mining organisations throughout Great Britain, the Lanarkshire Miners' Union will be forthwith called upon to consider an official proposal to secure 14,000 men from the mines for cutting and preparing timber for the coal pits of the United Kingdom.

It is significant that the agents in Lanarkshire plainly state that the men taken for timber cutting purposes will not be drafted from the ranks of those who entered the pits since the outbreak of the war.

GLASGOW WAR WORKER.



Mrs William Armour.

Mrs William Armour, a Glasgow lady, who has been working zealously on behalf of numerous war charities.

DUMFRIES PEDESTRIANS' FRIGHT.

"WEATHER COCK" FALLS FROM STEEPLE.

Dumfries, Saturday.

An accident that occasioned a good deal of harm, but was fortunately unattended by personal injury, occurred at Dumfries this afternoon. About four o'clock the large weather cock which adorns the top of the Mid-Steeple in High Street, the most conspicuous of the public buildings of the burgh, came clattering to the ground. There were a large number of people on the street at the time, but by good luck nobody was struck, though several people in the vicinity received a severe fright.

The Mid-Steeple, which was restored some years ago at the expense of Mr James H. M'Gowan, of Ellangowan, is one of the old landmarks of the Royal Burgh.

PIT SHAFT FATALITY AT HARTHILL.

Airdrie, Saturday.

A shocking accident is to-day reported as having occurred at Messrs J. & G. Anderson's No. 11 Pit, Harthill.

John Cross Steele (48), haulage motorman, a widower, residing at the Co-Operative Buildings, Main Street, Harthill, was in the act of going on to the cage in the pithead when, by some misunderstanding of the signals given, the dip cage was allowed to descend the shaft before he had got right on to it. He was thereby struck on the face by the "striker" of the descending cage and also on the back by the gate or "policeman." He was thus knocked down and suspended by the legs between the gate and the mouth of the shaft. The injuries he sustained by crushing and laceration of the face and forehead were such as, Dr Miller says, must have caused instantaneous death. The body was promptly extricated from the awkward position into which it had fallen, and was conveyed to the unfortunate man's home.

BURIED UNDER LEAVES.

MYSTERY OF FARMER'S DEATH.

STRANGE ASPECTS IN IRISH TRAGEDY.

Mayo, Saturday.

Further light has been thrown on a Mayo tragedy, the victim of which is a young farmer named Martin Comiskey. Up to the present no arrests have been made, but the police are following a strong clue. Comiskey was found lying dead in a ditch, the body being partially buried. The police from the outset suspected foul play, and the inquest was adjourned to enable the doctors to hold a post-mortem examination.

At the resumed proceedings the deceased's brother, Thomas, who spoke in Gaelic, said the last time he saw Martin was when the latter was leaving the house to go and sell some wool. Just before he left home he gave witness £14 and said he intended to go to England and take with him a lady with whom he was said to have been "great."

John Sheridan, the carter, who carried Martin to Ballinrobe from Clonbur, stated that the deceased was perfectly sober.

Head Constable Frawley gave evidence as to the finding of the body. The breast and feet were exposed, and the coat was off. The rest of the body was covered with leaves, and a large quantity of blood had percolated through these on to the ground. There was no sign of a struggle and no blood on the clothes.

Sergeant Fox produced the cap worn by the deceased. This was found in a white thorn bush 130 yards away from the body, which was discovered 350 yards off the road to Clonbur, and the walls surrounding the land were very high.

Dr Hawkshaw, of Ballinrobe, and Dr Semple, of Cong, who conducted the post-mortem examination, deponed that when found the victim must have been dead from ten to fourteen days. Death was due to concussion of the brain, following the wound on the forehead, hemorrhage and shock, with consequent exposure. The wound could have been caused by a blunt instrument, a cudgel or a stone, or by repeated blows of a sharp instrument. It was also possible that it could have been caused by a violent fall, if the man were pushed against a stone fence, but this was not suggested, because there were no marks of blood on the stone fence.

The jury returned an open verdict.

The remains of Martin Comiskey were interred in Clonbur, the people of Ballinrobe accompanying them a large part of the way.

LEITH LAD'S "HIGH JINKS"

AT HIS BROTHER'S EXPENSE.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

A keen desire for a good time seems to have actuated a boy belonging to Leith who came before Sheriff M'Leod at Edinburgh Sheriff Court to-day. The charge to which the boy pleaded guilty was that of stealing £50.

It appears that the boy's brother came back from America with a good deal of money, and of the cash which he had in his possession £70 was placed in a drawer. The lad got to know about the money, and, taking out £50 one day, he went to Glasgow along with a companion. In the Second City the pair enjoyed themselves immensely; they stayed in a hotel, patronised numerous theatres and music halls, and on one occasion took a trip up Loch Lomond. From Glasgow the adventurous youngsters went to Liverpool, where a similar programme of sight-seeing and theatrical entertainments was gone through. After being about a month away the Leith lad returned home, and when arrested by the local police had only £3 10s in his possession.

As he is just on the verge of military age the Sheriff dismissed him with an admonition, and handed him over to the army. The lad's companion, who is alleged to be a deserter from the navy, was arrested by the Goole police.

FARM BESIEGED AT AYR.

Potato Sale by Patriotic Farmer.

Ayr, Saturday Night.

Sanquhar Farm, near Ayr, was besieged to-day by townspeople eager to get a supply of that formerly despised yet necessary vegetable, the potato.

Some days ago Mr Bone, the tenant, made it known that he had potatoes for sale, and yesterday, and again this afternoon, crowds resorted to the farm, stood patiently in long queues, planked down the money, and, under the supervision of a policeman, each person was weighed out the allowance, seven pounds, and departed well satisfied with the purchase.

The patriotism of the farmer is to be commended, for he only asked 1s 8d per stone from his customers.

BEDLAY COLLIERY STRIKE.

Kilsyth, Saturday.

A second conference with a view to bringing about a settlement of the miners' strike, which has thrown idle the Bedlay Collieries belonging to William Baird & Co., Ltd., has proved futile, the employers refusing to grant the men's demands regarding the abolition of the present Tribunal, the amendment of the dirt scale, and the reinstatement of local men displaced by strangers.

Strike aliment was paid to the miners today.

LATEST NEWS

IN A NUTSHELL.

FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY WIRE AND 'PHONE.

Prohibition of Sunday trading is again in force in Rothesay.

Another supply of potatoes—about 140 tons—reached Glasgow retail dealers yesterday.

The loaf is up another halfpenny in Edinburgh and Leith. The 4 lb. loaf is now 1s.

There is a probability of the sale of spirits being prohibited in Glasgow on Saturdays and Mondays.

Three thousand ladies sold artificial roses in Glasgow yesterday, when Alexandra Day was celebrated.

Quite a number of young lambs in the Cowal district have been worried by a stray dog soaring the hills.

Motherwell has suffered severely in the "big push" in the West, over twenty casualties being reported this week.

Lance-Sergeant George Mills, Military Medallist, A. and S.H., and eldest son of Mr James Mills, Causeway End, Falkirk, has been killed in action.

Second-Lieutenant J. Douglas Young, a son of Mrs Young, Rockmount, Helensburgh, has been mentioned in despatches for distinguished services.

Two young men were, at Partick Police Court yesterday, remitted to the Sheriff on a charge of the theft of £14 from a house at 43 Exeter Drive on April 9.

Corporal John Crawford, Scottish Rifles, son of Mr William Crawford, 32 Salisbury Street, Kirkcaldy, has been awarded the French Military Cross for bravery.

Mr John Chalmers, burgh treasurer, Port-Glasgow, has prepared a statement of local war funds, which shows that the total amount contributed to date is close on £25,000.

Mr Donald Maclean, curator of the Paisley Coats Observatory, states that the mean temperature for April was the lowest recorded in Paisley Observatory since it was founded in 1882.

A joiner named David Smith, fifty-two years of age, residing at 21 Watson Street, Glasgow, was injured in the head by falling from a ladder in the Boatman's Institute, Port-Dundas Road, yesterday.

In notifying the friends in Sanquhar of Gunner William Broadfoot, Garrison Artillery, of his death in France, Lieutenant Woodburn says he was killed by shellfire with six of his comrades on April 20.

Lieutenant Fred Cameron, D.C.M., A. and S.H., son of the late Mr James Cameron, who was for many years head keeper on Lord Kinnaird's estates, and of Mrs Cameron, Guildtown, Perth, has been reported killed.

A body found on the Newton shore at Ayr has been identified as that of Francis Stewart, a labourer, between fifty and sixty years of age, who belonged to Dundalk, and who went amissing from the Trades Hotel, Ayr, on 15th March.

Mr John S. Samuel, J.P., Glasgow, the Lord Provost's secretary, has been invited to a conference in Paris next week of representatives of the Allies, who will discuss various problems concerning the future of discharged soldiers.

Yesterday afternoon Partick police were officially informed that one of their number, Private Henry Jackson, of the Black Watch, had died of wounds received in action on the Western front. He was a very popular officer in the division.

Mr Archibald Macintyre, accountant, Hamilton, local secretary of the Scottish War Savings Committee, announced yesterday that up till the end of March a total of £20,396 stood at the credit of investors through the various burgh associations.

Three Kirkconnel men have made the supreme sacrifice. They are:—Sergeant Matthew Parker, the first village lad to secure the D.C.M.; Lance-Corporal James Welsh, son of Mr Welsh, Holmhead; and Private James Kirk, son of Mr T. Kirk, New Buildings.

The death has taken place at Loudoun Cottage, Galston, of Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Pearse Hobbs, at the aged of seventy-four years. The deceased gentleman had resided in the district for nearly thirty years. He was for a time adjutant of the First Battalion Ayrshire Volunteers.

Two members of the Atholl nomadic tinker class have been wounded in action in the recent push, both being in the Black Watch. Private W. Johnstone is in hospital suffering from a gunshot wound in the head, while Alexander Williamson has also been wounded, but no particulars have been received.

The death in action is announced of Second-Lieut. James A. Montgomerie Miller, Northumberland Fusiliers, son of the late Mr William Miller, The Rest, Port-Bannatyne. Lieut. Miller was a distinguished student of Rothesay Academy and Glasgow University, and before joining the army was assistant minister of Larbert.

Mr Hogge, M.P., has given notice to ask a question in the House of Commons on Monday regarding the illness and death of Gunner Charles Sim, Royal Field Artillery. The points stated in the question are of a remarkable nature. Mr Hogge asks the Under Secretary for War to institute a strict inquiry into all the circumstances of the case. Gunner Sim was the son of an Edinburgh schoolmaster.

Information has been received that Second-Lieut. George Lambert, Cameron Highlanders, was killed in action in France on 23d April. Lieutenant Lambert, who was twenty-five years of age, was the elder son of the late Rev. J. C. Lambert, D.D., minister emeritus of Cathcart U.F. Church. His younger brother, Second-Lieutenant William Fairlie Lambert, was also killed in France over a year ago.

...ALEMATE PEACE.

EMPIRE'S WONDERFUL EFFORT.

SIR JOSEPH WARD IN GLASGOW.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Sir Joseph Ward, former Premier of New Zealand, addressed a large gathering in the Windsor Hotel, Glasgow, to-night, following on his inspection of the Glasgow Boys' Brigade.

Included in the company, over which Captain Alexander Orr presided, were many well-known West of Scotland men, and Lord Inverclyde and Lord Strathclyde occupied seats on the platform.

Referring to the war, Sir Joseph expressed the opinion that we had been far too generous to our opponents, with whom we had been at war during the last twenty-five years. But that must end. When the old lion has had its tail twisted, and it realises that it is going to have the roots pulled out, it turns round and gnashes its teeth, and when it turns round it never ceases until it has won. (Cheers.)

There had never been a country in the world which could have accomplished what the people of the British Isles had done since the start of the war. We had raised five million men, and provided them with adequate munitions, and he was here along with other men from the overseas Dominions to help in every way to ensure that the victory which was to be achieved was to be no uncertain one. It was not to be a stalemate peace. This country went into the war for the purpose of insisting that small nations were not to be downtrodden.

To-day there was in this country a fixed determination that never again would we be in a position of unpreparedness. We were not going to allow a few men like the Kaiser to be our masters, and be used as slaves. After the war was over they must see that the Empire was greater and grander than it had been before.

Hands Across the Sea.

The islands of New Zealand in the Southern Pacific were the most prolific in production in the world. It was important that all parts of the British Empire should be brought together, and he thought the war had brought the old country and the overseas dominions a hundred years closer. When the war was over they had several important matters they wanted to bring before the Statesmen of the Empire to settle.

CURLED WITH GENERAL HAIG.

Fife Farmer Dead.

Cupar, Saturday Night.

Mr John Lawson, retired farmer, who died at Ceres to-day in his seventy-eighth year, was a keen curler, and had recollections of many happy games with Field-Marshall Sir Douglas Haig on the ice at Pitlessie. Mr Lawson was a self-made man. He was a champion ploughman.

Thirty years ago he became tenant of the farm of Pitlessie Mill, and he subsequently farmed an extensive holding of the Falkland Wood on the Falkland Estate. He retired about seven years ago.

LIQUOR TRADE EXPERIMENTS AT CLYDEBANK.

Clydebank, Saturday Night.

In view of the reported intention of the Government to prohibit the opening of licensed premises in Scotland on Saturdays, unusual interest is attached to an experiment being made by a prominent Clydebank wine and spirit merchant, Mr Peter M'Gibbon, Bisley Buildings, who has intimated that, until further notice, his licensed premises will not be opened on Saturdays. The premises are situated at the junction of Glasgow Road and Elgin Street, and adjoin the Clydebank Gaiety Theatre, and are among the largest in Clydebank.

Another Clydebank publican, Mr. Gunn, whose premises are situated at the junction of Glasgow Road and Hamilton Street, Yoker, is trying the experiment of remaining closed until 5.30 p.m. on Saturdays, while Mr Ferguson, Dumbarton Road, Dalmuir, is closing his premises at 8 p.m. an Saturdays, and remaining closed on Thursday afternoons from 2.30.

ABERDEEN ELECTRICITY SCHEME.

Aberdeen, Saturday Night.

The Secretary for Scotland has consented to the borrowing by Aberdeen Town Council of a further sum of £40,000 for the erection of capital work under the Aberdeen Electricity Lighting Order and Aberdeen Corporation Electricity Acts, raising the total sum authorised to be borrowed for that purpose to £450,000.

In a communication addressed to the City Chamberlain, the Secretary for Scotland said that the sum now sanctioned is to be applied in providing a £5000 Tiloaatt Turbo Generator Engine-Room, building extension, sub-station buildings, and for work costing £35,000, and a further expenditure of £4800.

GLASGOW LABOUR OFFICIAL CHARGED AS AN ABSENTEE.

Glasgow, Saturday.

At the Western Police Court to-day John D. R. Mackay, who was described as the assistant secretary of the May Day Committee, was charged with being a military absentee.

Mackay stated that he was anxious to attend the Labour demonstration and the musical festival in connection with May Day celebrations in Glasgow to-morrow, as he had the responsibility of these gatherings on his shoulders.

In the circumstances the Magistrate continued the case till Monday. Bail was fixed at £5, which was immediately forthcoming.

HONOUR FOR D AIRMAN.

Flight-Sergeant David P. Calder, of the R.F.C., son of Mr Dan Calder, of the Police and Water Treasurer's Office, Dundee, has been awarded the Medaille Militaire in recognition of distinguished services in Egypt. This young airman, who joined up at the outbreak of war, served his apprenticeship as an electrical engineer with Mr D. J. M'Donald, St Roques Works, and before joining up he was in the employ of Mr Robert Fleming, financier, Dundee and London.

GLASGOW'S COAL RESOURCES.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER'S PLEA FOR UTILISATION.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

At a largely-attended meeting held to-night in the Royal Technical College, Glasgow, of the West of Scotland branch of the Association of Mining Electrical Engineers, some strong statements were made by Mr J. P. C. Kivlen, chief electrical engineer to the United Collieries, Limited.

In the course of a paper dealing with "Some Aspects of Power Station Centralisation," Mr Kivlen remarked that at no period in the nation's history was there greater need for conserving the potential energy from coal.

To his mind it was surprising that within 500 yards of the centre of Glasgow a large public park should continue to cover an area of proven coal of high calorific value. That particular park was bounded on one side by a large river, in addition to which there was a weir which might be used for driving generators direct.

An Aid to Scenic Beauty?

In deference to public opinion, Glasgow Corporation had decided that the park must not be destroyed. In his (Mr Kivlen's) opinion, a few undulations from underground workings would enhance the appearance of the place, which was rather flat and uninteresting at present. (Laughter.)

That particular area of coal would require to be worked some day, and no one appreciated that fact more than a colliery man. Why, then, should they not work it now? (Applause.) The one way to conserve the coal supplies of the nation was to use the coal economically.

ARBROATH MILITARY WEDDING.

Arbroath, Saturday.

An interesting military wedding took place this afternoon in Princes Street United Free Church, Arbroath, when Major Sydney Cunningham Wilson, of the R.F.A., third son of Mr John Wilson, manufacturer, Rotomahana, was married to Miss Florence Lindsay, elder daughter of Major D. W. Fairweather, V.D., manufacturer, Craigard, commandant of the local company of the 1st Forfarshire Volunteers.

The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in white Georgette, with satin pearl-embroidered panels, and was accompanied as bridesmaids by Miss Kathleen A. Fairweather (sister of the bride) and Miss Jessie Wilson (sister of the bridegroom), while the groomsman was Lieutenant David Wilson, of the Black Watch.

The officiating clergymen were Rev. James Murray, of Princes Street U.F. Church, and the Rev J. A. Tweedie, High Street U.F. Church.

LOTHIANS MINERS' AMBULANCE COMPETITION.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

The fifth annual competition for the Shield presented by Lord Murray of Elibank to the Lothians Mineworkers' Ambulance League was held this evening in Edinburgh. The following teams competed:—Arniston Colliery, Bankton Colliery, Bridgeness Colliery, Niddrie A team, Niddrie C team, Lady Victoria, and Whitrigg Colliery.

The Shield was won by Bankton Colliery with the following team:—George Sydserff, Adam Milne, William Adam, Walter M'Intosh, and James Adams. The winning team had a total of 284 marks out of a possible 300. Second and third places were taken by Arniston Colliery and Bridgeness with 235 and 225 marks respectively.

The Shield and medals were presented to the winning team by Mr Hugh Johnstone, late Divisional Inspector of Mines.

GOVAN APPRENTICE INJURED.

Govan, Saturday Night.

This afternoon, while Joshua Currie (19), an apprentice driller, residing at 80 White Street, Govan, was searching for tools in the funnel space of a vessel in Fairfield Dock, the funnel was lowered, whereby he was crushed on the head, shoulder, and body.

The unfortunate man was conveyed to the Western Infirmary, where he was detained for treatment.

PAPER RATIONS RUN OUT.

FURTHER REDUCTION IN NEWSPAPER SIZES SOON.

PRICES QUADRUPLED.

An acute crisis has been reached in the paper trade, says the Daily Express. The supplies of raw material, all of which were imported, have nearly come to a standstill. A number of paper mills have had to close, especially those supplying news paper, and paper is practically unobtainable in the market.

The cause of the trouble is due principally to the activities of the German submarines and the consequent necessity of devoting every ship available to dealing with the national food supplies and other absolute necessities of the war.

Paper rationing has for many months been in force in this country. Under the Government restrictions on imports only one-third of the supplies received in 1914 may be imported, and every newspaper, as well as every other user of paper, has been compelled to reduce consumption accordingly. Even that one-third is now unobtainable.

The imports during the past month or two have only reached ten per cent. of the amount allowed under the Government regulations, and there is every indication that the supplies will soon cease altogether.

Norway Alone.

Before the war Sweden and Norway supplied the United Kingdom with 75 per cent. of her paper requirements. The rest came from Canada and elsewhere. To-day Norway is almost alone in the business, and her success in keeping our paper mills going has come to an end.

The serious nature of the position is reflected in the prices which are being paid for the small quantities of paper available. Newspapers which before the war were obtaining supplies at a fraction over a penny a pound are now paying no less than fourpence-halfpenny per pound, equal to double the price of two months ago.

There appears to be no possibility of an improvement in the situation. The demands on our shipping become more stringent every day. Every ton available when the demands of the army and navy are satisfied will be needed to maintain our food supplies.

Unless some good fairy steps in and provides the pulp to start the mills afresh we shall certainly see further reductions in the size of the already heavily restricted newspapers, and that will, it is believed, be in the near future.

BOYS' BRIGADE REVIEW IN GLASGOW.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

The thirty-second annual review of the Glasgow Boys' Brigade took place this afternoon in Queen's Park Recreation Ground, the inspecting officer being a noted Colonial—Colonel Sir Joseph Ward, a former Prime Minister and now Finance Minister of New Zealand.

Among those present at the gathering were Lord and Lady Strathclyde, Lord and Lady Inverclyde, Lady Ward, the Honourable Muriel Burns, the Honourable J. Alan Burns, Scots Guards; Sir John Primrose and Lady Primrose, Sir Samuel Chisholm and Lady Chisholm, Mr Hugh Reid, Lord Dean of Guild; Major Cockburn, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; and Captain Alexander Orr, president of the Glasgow Battalion.

There were 6550 officers and boys on parade, representing 155 companies, formed into ten battalions. Very spick and span the boys looked with their neat guns and white-rimmed caps. Included in the total were no fewer than 842 band boys, whose brasses reflected in the brilliant sunshine and the ribbons of whose pipes floated on the breeze as the band led the march past.

A HEROIC EVANGELIST.

Acting-Bombardier W. B. Munro.

Acting-Bombardier W. B. Munro, R.G.A., a well-known evangelist of the Lanarkshire Christian Union, who has just been awarded the Military Medal for gallant rescue work amidst intense enemy shell fire. Before entering the service of the Union he was employed in the head office of the Scottish Tube Company, Glasgow.

Bombardier Munro, wearing the ribbon of his newly-awarded Military Medal, has arrived in Motherwell looking fit and well. The gallant bombardier is to address the usual meeting of Motherwell Men's Own P.S.A. to-day.

Mr James Kidd, B.L., has been appointed chairman of Bo'ness and Carriden School Board, in succession to Provost Grant, who held the position for ten years, and who has resigned owing to pressure of other public work. Mr Kidd has twice unsuccessfully contested the county in the Unionist interest.

IN CONFIDENCE FROM THE INNER CIRCLE.

Shadows of Dramatic Events: More Political Storms Brewing: Some Startling Changes: Our Army's Great Victories.

EXCLUSIVELY CONTRIBUTED (BY "POST" SPECIAL WIRE).

London, Saturday Night.

THE story goes that a very prominent person has just made a sudden and important journey by aeroplane instead of by more conventional methods of travel to save time. I understand that the temptation to adopt this ready means of travel has been considered by men whose lives are important to the country as well as to themselves and their dependents, and that an agreement has been made that for the present the possibilities of a mishap are too great, and that on no account are journeys by the air to be made.

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The reduction of possibilities of danger, however, proceeds apace. The mere fact that the commercial position of the aeroplane is under serious consideration by an important Committee probably lies behind such rumours as that I have mentioned, and gives them colour

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No one in town seems to have any doubt that the sudden call for the Premier's presence on the Continent was due to the Austrian peace plot, which is maturing rapidly. Germany is making skilful efforts to take advantage of the unsettling developments in Petrograd.

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The key to the next development may be found in the circumstance that Austria and not Germany is the prime actor in this move. Whatever German opportunism may be able to grasp from the situation will surely be snatched, but the certainty of a dramatic reaction makes the Petrograd situation all the more exciting.

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The sweeping changes now going on at the Admiralty are far from being completed. The Prime Minister had the matter well in hand early in the week, but was called away to the Continent in the very midst of his task Much still remains to be done by him and Sir Edward Carson after his return.

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The anti-Carsonites are pointing with some exultation to the fact that reforms have to be suspended as soon as Mr Lloyd George leaves as proof of the weak hold their bete noir has over his appointments. His friends maintain that the First Lord has been acting with the Prime Minister and not merely because of him, and prophesy the results will soon justify Sir Edward.

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The storm at the Admiralty has been accompanied by a corresponding disturbance at Grosvenor House. That Captain Bathurst will leave the Department of Food Control is now certain, and when Mr Lloyd George returns he shall probably hear of more startling changes still.

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People are already remarking on the rapid rise to prominence of Mr Kennedy Jones since his entry into public life, when he fought an election at Wimbledon with the assistance of Mr Pemberton Billing. Mr Jones pinned his faith from the first to the uses of publicity, which he understands better than most of the business men with whom he has been associated.

• • •

"K. J.'s" name is now on the lips of the angry racing professionals, qualified by adjectives far from complimentary, for he is credited in some mysterious way with bringing about the sudden stoppage of racing. When the next change at Grosvenor House is made known I think it will be found that he has achieved far wider prominence and become a sort of Food Despot of the most drastic kind.

• • •

People unable to enjoy the news from the front unless it contains captures of territory and material are now asking what has become of St Quentin and Lens, which were to be captured at any moment as long ago as three weeks? I hear that, for the reassurance of such folk, an important statement will soon be issued which will set at rest finally the doubts of the sceptics.

• • •

A genuine expert on the possibility of invasion remarked that every day of the present fighting made it less possible. Another month of German slaughter corresponding to the past one, he said, will leave them with barely enough men for the final defence of their own frontiers. The only real chance of invading us is slipping away farther from them as each division is smashed by Haig.

• • •

I looked in at the Academy on Friday, but found those present at the private view taking only the mildest interest in the pictures. One of those strange rumours which sometimes crop up in London from all sides was stalking the place, and the notables were standing in serious groups discussing it. The rumour was quite untrue, and was as dead as Julius Cæsar twelve hours later.

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The unity and influence of dog lovers is again evident from the opposition to the increased dog taxes which is now gathering, under skilful organisation, to dimensions somewhat portentous. The fact that the new proposals are not presented in any definite form makes the opposition easier to marshal, and the chances are that in the end the Government will prefer to get at dog owners in some other way.

In the City they are already discussing the possible date of the next war loan. Since the Chancellor has to provide something like £1,600,000,000 by borrowing, and since Income tax doubts have been removed, there should soon be a good chance to provide a safe investment for the large sums of money which are still being made. The middle of July is mentioned as a likely time.

• • •

I learn that strong opposition to the ordinary summer holiday at the seaside is likely to be displayed in several quarters before very long. The railways have already announced their inability to deal with any extra traffic, and that more trains are likely to come off. "Take your holidays at home" will be the next slogan of the third year of the war.

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As I predicted last week, the new chief Government Whip is to be Mr Freddy Guest The forecast was a safe one, if only because all the sons of Lady Wimborne eventually get important jobs, as become the children of the greatest political hostess of the time. They all fill them well, too, which cannot always be said in parallel cases.

• • •

We are going to hear a great deal soon about the shortage of iron and steel, of which much is already whispered in business circles. The possibilities which might have resulted had America not come in are too awful to be lightly contemplated, and for that reason little or nothing has been said of this latest shortage until recent weeks.

• • •

The May Day demonstrations in Germany fizzled out, as it was evident they were intended to do. Like the rumours of King Tino's abdication, the threats of wholesale demonstration served the purpose for which they were intended, and now no more is heard of them. Tino will not be allowed to abdicate. A more drastic means of dealing with him has been decided upon, and will very shortly be put in force.

• • •

The new proposal for compulsory bread rationing is, I hear, designed to give the consumer a good deal of trouble in obtaining the bread ration. Bakers say that their own responsibility in the matter will be reduced to the baking of the bread, and that they will be very glad to have it stop there, leaving all the details of distribution to the Controller's department.

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In the meantime public annoyance with the shopkeeper, and also with the new girl shop assistant, is rapidly growing into a movement which is likely to assume organised shape. Something of the sort is needed to get to the bottom of the deliberate withholding of supplies, of which the shopkeeper cannot be instantly acquitted. Beans and peas, like potatoes, have gone right out of the market this week-end with the introduction of a minimum price.

• • •

Another week or two will suffice to manifest the extreme scarcity of printing paper, the effect of which will be displayed in very noticeable reduction in the size of some newspapers. I hear from a leading London publisher that before the end of the autumn the printing of books will be at an end except in the case of an occasional volume of real and pressing importance

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The Australian elections, polling for which ended to-night, have been fought to the end with a surprising bitterness. Experts in London, and there are thousands in uniform, were accurate in their prediction that Mr Hughes would win his own seat easily, and would have a party majority in the House of Representatives. The new Senate is likely to show a small opposition Labour majority against the Government.

• • •

I have reason to believe that the confident stories of an important post having been found for General Smuts are founded upon the probability of this being true rather than upon any arrangement that has yet been made. "General Smuts returns to Africa he will undertake no important army command," said a man behind the scenes in the world of our oversea visitors, when I pressed him on the point.

• • •

South Americans in London, and especially Brazilians, are more anxious than ever to know what is going on in the three most southerly States of Brazil, and especially in Rio Grande and the South. The Germans under arms are reported to number many thousands and to be acting on a preconcerted plan. News of any authority is very hard to obtain.

TOBACCO HABIT EASILY CONQUERED.

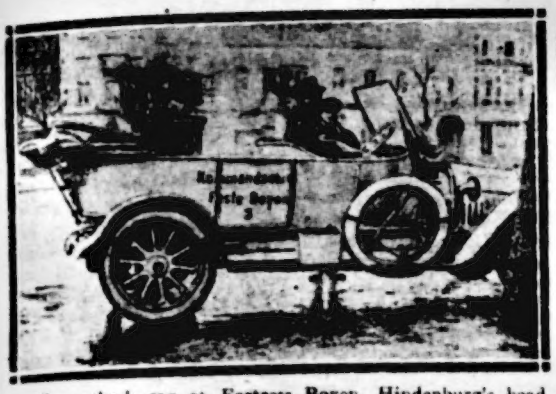
A well-known business man has written a book telling how the tobacco or snuff habit can be easily banished in three days, with out any return of the craving. Edw. J. Woods, Ltd., 10, Norfolk Street (623) W.C. 2, will send the book and circulars free on request.

The health improves wonderfully after the nicotine poison is out of the system. Calmness, tranquil sleep, clear eyes, normal appetite, good digestion, manly vigour strong memory and a general gain in efficiency are among the many benefits reported. Get rid of that nervous feeling; no more need of pipe, cigar, cigarette, or chewing tobacco to pacify the morbid desire.

THE MOST ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS OF THE WAR. BEGIN THIS EXCLUSIVE SERIES TO-DAY

BEHIND THE GERMAN VEIL

My Interview with Hindenburg—By J. M. de Beaufort.



The author's car at Fortress Boyen, Hindenburg's headquarters. Note the chauffeur's rifle near lamp.

Taking big risks, Mr J. M. de Beaufort went through Germany to get facts about the internal state of the Fatherland. He had an adventurous journey from Berlin to the Eastern Front, where, after bluffing the Huns many times, he succeeded in interviewing Hindenburg.

NOW for my impressions of Germany's—and, as some people try to make us believe, the world's—greatest military genius. They might be summed up in two words, "Strength and cruelty." Hindenburg stands over six feet high. His whole personality radiates strength, brute, animal strength. He was, when I met him, sixty-nine years of age, but looked very much younger. His hair and moustache were still pepper-and-salt colour. His face and forehead are deeply furrowed, which adds to his forbidding appearance. His nose and chin are prominent, but the most striking feature of the man's whole appearance are his eyes. They are steel-blue and very small, much too small for his head, which, in turn, is much too small compared with his large body. But what the eyes lacked in size they fully made up for in intensity and penetrating powers. Until I met Hindenburg I always thought that the eyes of the Mexican rebel Villa were the worst and most cruel I had ever seen. They are mild compared with those of Hindenburg. Never in all my life have I seen such hard, cruel, nay, such utterly brutal eyes as those of Hindenburg. The moment I looked at him I believed every story of refined (and unrefined) cruelty I had ever heard about him.

He has the disagreeable habit of looking at you as if he did not believe a word you said. Frequently in conversation he closes his eyes, but even then it seemed as if their steel-like sharpness pierced his eyelids. Instead of deep circles, such as, for instance, I have noticed on the Kaiser, he has big fat cushions of flesh under his eyes, which accentuate their smallness. When he closes his eyes these cushions almost touch his bushy eyebrows, and give his face a somewhat prehistoric appearance. His hair, about an inch long I should judge, was brushed straight up—what the French call en brosse. The general contour of his head seemed that of a square, rounded off at the corners.

Officers and Men Afraid of Prussian Idol.

Speaking about the stories of cruelty, one or two of them may bear retelling.

When during the heavy fighting early in 1915 General Rennenkampf was forced to evacuate Insterburg somewhat hastily, he was unable to find transport for about fifty thousand loaves of bread. Not feeling inclined to make a present of them to the Germans, he ordered paraffin to be poured over them. When the Germans found that out and discovered its condition, Hindenburg is reported to have been frantic with rage. The next day, after he had calmed down, he said to one of his aides—"Well, it seems to be a matter of taste. If the Russians like their bread that way, very well. Give it to the Russian prisoners."

You may feel certain that his orders were scrupulously carried out.

Another incident which they are very fond of relating in Germany is more amusing, though it also plays on their idol's cruelty.

It is a fact that both officers and men are deadly afraid of him. It is said that the great General has a special predilection for stinging the tip of his riding boots into contact with certain parts of the human anatomy. A private would far rather face fire by day and night the Russian guns than be ordered to Hindenburg.

But one day a man came up and offered himself for the job.

"And what are you in private life?" the General snorted at him.

"At your orders, sir, I am a wild animal trainer."

A Twenty Minutes' Talk With Hindenburg.

Hindenburg and I talked for about twenty minutes on various subjects—Holland, Italy, America, and, of course, the campaign.

When he tried to point out to me how important it was for Holland that Germany should crush Britain's "world-domination," I mentioned the Dutch Colonies. That really set him going. "Colonies," he snorted. "Pah! I am sick of all this talk about colonies. It would be better for people, and I am not referring to our enemies alone, to pay more attention to events in Europe. I say 'to the devil' (zum Teufel) with the colonies. Let us first safeguard our own country; the colonies will follow. It is here," and he went up to a large map of Poland hanging on the wall, and laid a hand almost as large as a medium-sized breakfast tray over the centre of it—"it is here," he continued, "that European and colonial affairs will be settled and nowhere else. As far as the colonies are concerned, it will be a matter of a foot for a mile as long as we hold large slices of enemy territory."

He spoke with great respect of the Russian soldier, but maintained that they lacked proper leaders. "It takes more than ten years to reform the moral of an officers' corps. From what I have learned, the moral of the Russian officer is to this day much the same as it was in the Russo-Japanese war. We will show you one of their ambulance trains captured near Kirbaty. It is the last word in luxury. By all means give your wounded all the comfort, all the attention you can; but I do not think that carloads of champagne, oysters, caviare, and the finest French liqueurs are necessary adjuncts to an ambulance train. The Russian soldier is splendid, but his discipline is not of the same quality as that of our men. In our armies discipline is the result of spiritual and moral training; in the Russian armies discipline stands for dumb obedience. The Russian soldier remains at his post because he has been ordered to stay there, and he stands as if nailed to the spot. What Napoleon I. said still applies to-day:—'It is not sufficient to kill a Russian; you have to throw him over as well.'

A Crank on Railroads.

"It is absurd," the General continued, "for the enemy press to compare this campaign with that of Napoleon in 1812." Again he got up, and, pointing to another map, he said, "This is what will win the war for us." The map showed the close railroad net of Eastern Germany and the paucity of permanent roads in Russia. Hindenburg is almost a crank on the subject of railroads in connection with strategy. In the early days of the war he shuffled his army corps about from one corner of Poland to the other. It is said that he transferred four army corps (160,000 men—about 600 trains) in two days from Kalish, in Western Poland, to Tannenberg, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. On some tracks the trains followed each other at intervals of six minutes.

"Our enemies reckon without two great factors unknown in Napoleon's time—railroads and German organisation. Next to artillery this war means railroads, railroads, and then still more railroads. The Russians built forts; we built railroads. They would have spent their millions better if they had emulated our policy instead of spending millions on forts. For the present fortresses are of no value against modern siege guns—at least not until another military genius such as Vauban, Brialmont, Montalembert, Coehoorn, springs up, who will be able to invent proper defensive measures against heavy howitzers.

"Another delusion under which our enemies are labouring is that of Russia's colossal supply of men. He who fights with Russia must always expect superiority in numbers, but in this age of science, strategy, and organisation numbers are only decisive, 'all else being equal.' The Russian forces opposed to us on this front have always been far superior in numbers to ours, but we are not afraid of that. A crowd of men fully armed and equipped does not make an army in these days."

Hindenburg and the British.

This brought him to the subject of the British forces, more especially Kitchener's Army. "It is a great mistake to underestimate your enemy," said Hindenburg, referring to the continual slights and attacks appearing in the German press. "I by no means underrate the thoroughness, the fighting qualities of the British soldier. Britain is a fighting nation, and has won her spurs on many battlefields. But to-day they are up against a different problem. And how are all their new armies to be trained, when it has taken us several generations of uninterrupted instruction, study, and work to create an efficient staff? Let me emphasise, and with all the force I can, 'Efficiency and training are everything.' There lies their difficulty. I have many officers here with me who have fought opposite the British, and all are united in their opinion that they are brave and worthy opponents."

Although he did not express this opinion to me personally, I have it on excellent authority that Hindenburg believes this war will last close on four years at least. And the result—stalemate. He does not believe that the Allies will be able to push the Germans out of Belgium, France, or Poland.

Refused to State What He Thought Was Honourable Peace.

Personally I found it impossible to get him to make any definite statement on the probable outcome and duration of the war. "Until we have gained an honourable peace," was his cryptic reply. He refused to state what, in his opinion, constituted an honourable peace. If I am to believe several of his officers—and I discussed the subject almost every day—then Hindenburg must by now be a very disappointed man. I was told that he calculated as a practical certainty on a separate peace with Russia soon after the fall of Warsaw. (I should like to point out here that this "separate peace with Russia" idea was one of the most popular and universal topics of conversation in Germany last year.)

When Hindenburg learnt that I had come all the way from Berlin without a pass from the General Staff he appeared very much amused, but in a quasi-serious manner he said—

"Well, you know that I ought to send you back at once, otherwise I shall risk getting the sack myself; still, as all ordinary train service between here and Posen will be suspended for four days, the only way for you to get back is by motor car. It would be a pity to come all the way from sunny Italy to this Siberian cold, and not see something of the men and of the hardships of a Russian winter campaign. Travelling by motor car, you will have ample opportunity to see something of the country, and, if you feel so inclined, of the fighting as well. And then go home and tell them abroad about the insurmountable obstacles, the enormous difficulties, the German Army has to overcome."

Hindenburg does not like the Berlin General Staff officers, and that is why he was so amused at my having got the better of them. He describes them as "drawing-room" officers who remain safely in Berlin, with their spick-and-span uniforms they look askance at their mud-stained colleagues at the front. His officers, who know Hindenburg's feelings towards these gentlemen, play many a practical joke on their Berlin confreres. The latter have frequently returned from a visit to some communication trenches only to find that their car has mysteriously retreated some two or three miles—over Polish roads.

Anyone who can tell of such an experience befalling a "Salon Offizier" is sure to raise a good laugh from Hindenburg.

At the conclusion of our conversation he instructed the young A.D.C. to take me over to Headquarters and present me to Captain Cämmerer. "Tell him," and I inscribed the words that followed deeply on my mind, "to be kind to Herr Beaufort."

My introduction to Cämmerer proved to be one of those curious vagaries of fate. He was the very man who less than twenty-four hours ago had spoken with General von Schlieffen, and who had assured him how impossible it was for me to continue, and that I was to be sent back to Berlin at once!

"Beaufort, Beaufort," he sniffed once or twice before he could place me. Then suddenly he remembered. "Ah, yes, him! You are the man General von Schlieffen telephoned about yesterday? But did he not instruct you to return to Berlin?"

However, I remembered Hindenburg's injunction—"Tell Cämmerer to be kind to him"—so what did I care for a mere captain.

Consequently, as they say in the moving pictures, I "registered" my most angelic smile, and sweetly said—

"Ah, yes, captain, quite so, quite so. But, you see, I felt certain that there was some misunderstanding at this end of the wire. Probably it was not clearly explained to you that I had this very important letter of introduction to General von Hindenburg from my friend his nephew. As you see, I waved my hand at the A.D.C., my master of ceremonies, "I was quite right in my surmise."

However that may be you may be certain that I saw to it that when we mapped out my return journey, Cammerer was being "kind" to me. Consequently I spent two most interesting weeks in the German Eastern war zones, much to the surprise and disgust of the "Drawing-Room Staff" in Berlin.

Hindenburg—Ludendorff and Falkenhayn.

"War means attack. Whoever seeks his salvation behind fortifications and trenches is lacking in conscious strength."—The Late Field-Marshal Colmar von der Goltz.

There were few officers of Hindenburg's army with whom I spoke that would not at some time or other during the conversation refer to the above quotation. I wonder what they are thinking about it now?

Though the general public hears comparatively little about Ludendorff, in military circles Hindenburg is never mentioned without him. He is usually referred to as Hindenburg's "silent partner." It was Major von Bitterfeld who first drew my attention to Ludendorff with his mysterious hint—"Hindenburg is great, but Ludendorff is his Chief of Staff."

By judicious questioning I learnt a great deal about this partnership between Hindenburg and Ludendorff. It would considerably cool the fanatical enthusiasm of the German people for the "Deliverer of East Prussia" if they knew the very important part played in the Eastern campaign by Ludendorff.

It is Ludendorff who has studied the Russian organisation, the Russian Army, and the Russian manner of fighting all his life. He and his immediate subordinate on the Staff, Colonel Hoffmann, were attached to the Russian armies during the Russo-Japanese War, and as he is sometimes quoted to have said, he learnt then how to beat the Russians. It was Ludendorff, the great expert on railroad transportation, who planned and mapped out the Battle of Tannenberg, the attack on Warsaw, and the great second battle of the Masurian Lake district in February, 1915. But Ludendorff, a tall, reserved, silent German, has always remained in the background, and his chief received all the kudos. The German people must have someone to worship, and it would never do to show them that, after all, their idol has only feet of clay.

Opposed to von Kluck.

When Hindenburg was recalled from retirement, and asked to take charge of the army operating in East Prussia, one of the first things he insisted upon was that Ludendorff should be appointed as his Chief of Staff. The latter was at the time in Belgium earning fame and honour, but, in accordance with Hindenburg's wishes, was transferred. In fact, I was told by an informant who knows both that Ludendorff returned from Belgium via Hanover, where the old General joined him. Speaking about Ludendorff's activities in Belgium, I was told that he was the first General to enter Liége, and not as a Staff officer, but at the head of his brigade. It seemed that the brigade commander in question had been killed, and Ludendorff at once took his place. For this achievement he was decorated by the Kaiser with the Order of Merit.

If you can persuade a German officer of the higher command to discuss with you the abortive Paris campaign, Ludendorff's name will invariably be mentioned. It was said that he was violently opposed to von Kluck's forced march; he wanted to take Calais first, and from there advance on Paris. The same informant, who gave me a great deal of reliable information, and who knows Ludendorff personally, said that if von Kluck and von Bülow, commanding respectively the first and second armies, had been given a week more Paris would have fallen. Von Kluck, by his forced march, lost touch with von Bülow, and stood, so to speak, before the walls of Paris without any heavy artillery.

In intimate German military circles many interesting stories abound in connection with the first great German War Council that decided the initial strategy of the campaign. The Kaiser, his son, and General von Moltke seem to have been the three extremists with regard to the Paris plan. It is said, or rather whispered, that both von Kluck and von Bülow, and even Falkenhayn, were opposed to it, at least in so far as it meant hacking through within the shortest possible time, which, so they feared, would make it impossible for them to establish the proper communication lines. But the objections of the majority were overruled by the minority.

Kaiser and Crown Prince Blamed for Paris Failure.

In military circles the Kaiser and Crown Prince are largely blamed for the great Paris failure, but it is admitted that it was a bold Napoleonic inception, a great gamble, which, had it been successful, would have ended the war in three months. Of course, they were, and for that matter still are, quite convinced that with the fall of Paris France would sue for peace. In fact, I was assured in Berlin that when von Kluck closed in on Paris, France intimated her readiness to negotiate peace conditions.

To return for a moment to von Kluck's reported objections at the Great War Council in regard to his lines of communication, it is interesting to note that in German military circles—again I must qualify this by adding that these matters were only discussed amongst officers of the higher command—the British Army, by its splendid stand at Le Cateau and Cambrai, and its subsequent forward thrust that endangered von Kluck's right flank, is held largely responsible for the upsetting of the German plan.

The causes of the troubles between Hindenburg and Falkenhayn have been widely discussed in the Allied press, and are by now fairly well known. They can be summed up in two words, "East" and "West." Hindenburg and Ludendorff had all their plans prepared for a break through to Petrograd, and who knows what might have happened at the eastern front if Falkenhayn had not insisted upon "taking" Verdun? I think he deserves the eternal gratitude of the Allies. During the winter months of the eastern campaign the German lines there are largely held by barbed wire and machine guns.

Falkenhayn on account of his Austrian descent, was in the latter part of his command very unpopular. They tell a rather grim story. Hindenburg is supposed to have put the following conundrum to him:—"What is the best part of Austria?" And the answer is, "Her ally." One of Falkenhayn's nicknames is "Falschenhayn" ("falsch" for "false").

One of Hindenburg's Staff Captains I met, a Hauptmann Frantz, was on von Kluck's Staff in the early part of the war, and he proudly informed me that he was one of the very few officers who had caught a glimpse of the Eiffel Tower. I did not tell him so, but I think it will be the only glimpse he will catch of it during the war.

To return to Ludendorff for a moment. Two of his famous maxims are said to be:—

"A General Staff must have no nerves. A nervous Staff makes a whole army restless."

"You cannot conduct war with sentimentality."

There has been a certain amount of speculation as to why new titles were created for Hindenburg and Ludendorff. Since the days of old Moltke the official designation has always been "Chief of the General Staff." Hindenburg's title is "Chief of the General Staff of the Field Army." I wonder whether Hindenburg's contempt for the Berlin General Staff had anything to do with this? He used to describe the officers of the Berlin Staff, as I have already mentioned, as "Salon Offiziere" ("drawing-room officers"), the men who remain safely in Berlin and never even get their boots contaminated with trench mud. I have been wondering whether "of the Field Army" is Hindenburg's own special addition so as to disown any connection with the "drawing-room" staff.

Hindenburg with his staff. Ludendorff stands on his right.

NEXT WEEK—
When I Prayed With the Kaiser.

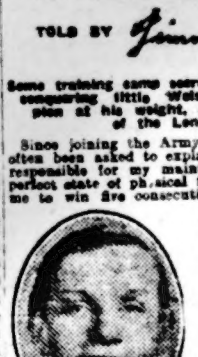
FOR SERIOUS LIVER, KIDNEY AND RHEUMATIC TROUBLES.

WHY BOXERS NEVER HAVE THEM.

TOLD BY Jimmy Wilde

Some training camp secrets divulged by the all-conquering little Welshman, world's champion at his weight, and winner outright of the Lonsdale Belt.

Since joining the Army gymnastic staff I have often been asked to explain the training methods responsible for my maintaining the continuously perfect state of physical fitness which has enabled me to win five consecutive world's championship contests within a period of thirteen months.



JIMMY WILDE.

"Liverishness," lassitude, acidity, indigestion and dyspepsia, catarrh, neuralgic pains, backache, headache, rheumatism, gout, lumbago, &c., &c., all arise simply from the accumulation of impurities in the system. Obviously the one and only way to get rid of the complaints quickly and permanently is to clear the impurities out. To do this, thoroughly cleanse the clogged organs of filtration, thus immediately purifying the blood and preventing the absorption of further poisons. The self-poisoning absorption process is the direct cause of most serious ailments and diseases. Auto-intoxication, the medical men call it, and, after all, such scientific terms as toxins, bacilli, uric or stomach acids, bacteria, &c., are only fancy names for common impurities or poisons.

To make and keep the whole body absolutely fit, the digestion good, the mind clear and alert, eyes bright, and nerves steady as steel, simply drink occasionally, before breakfast, a tumbler of hot saltrated water, prepared by adding a level teaspoonful, or less, of ordinary refined Alkia Saltrates. This produces a pleasant-tasting drink, and, being a common, standard compound, can be had at little cost from any good chemist. It exactly reproduces the curative waters of certain natural medicinal springs, and Eugene Corri, the famous referee, when speaking recently of its effects in his own case, said the saltrated water treatment proved better than a visit to a spa.

For Intestinal Disorders use Kaisol.—Advt.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

FRICTION AMONG THE FOOD CONTROLLERS.

PREMIER'S UNENVIABLE TASK.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

London, Saturday Night.

FROM all I can hear there is little likelihood of Captain Bathurst reconsidering his resignation so long as Lord Devonport remains in his present position as Food Controller.

There can be no doubt that serious disagreements have arisen between these two Ministers, who have during recent critical months been responsible for conserving the food supplies of the country. Captain Bathurst occupies a less responsible position than Lord Devonport, but those who take the trouble to study a record of their speeches will find that Captain Bathurst has been more accurate than his chief in the estimates he has given of the extent to which food economy would have to be practised if our supplies are to last out.

There appear, moreover, to be disagreements on questions of policy as well as on questions of means. Captain Bathurst has indicated very clearly that in his view meatless days ought to be abandoned. Live stock has to be killed off, and, for a time at least, meat ought to be comparatively plentiful. Thus there is no valid ground for continuing meatless days, especially as they tend to increase the consumption of bread.

Lord Devonport, however, has given no indication of any intention to rescind his Order, and there are suggestions that even in this regard he does not see eye to eye with his colleague.

Premier as Conciliator.

Mr Lloyd George is not to be envied the task of reconciling these differences when he resumes work at Downing Street.

It would be foolish flattery to assert that Lord Devonport commands public confidence in the position which he occupies, and if the Prime Minister allows Captain Bathurst to go it is feared that the Food Controller's office will lose one of its ablest and best-informed directors.

It is hoped, however, that before any decision is reached the whole question of our food supplies will be reviewed by the War Cabinet. What is wanted is more foresight and less extemporisation.

It is essential that there should be a careful weighing of our needs, and it is no use continuing to meet a shortage in one direction by creating a new shortage in another.

German Gold in Russia.

Although the trouble between the Russian Provisional Government and the Workers' and Soldiers' Council appears to have been temporarily composed, the situation is still viewed with some uneasiness in official circles in London.

It is known that German secret agents are making desperate efforts to stir up mischief in Petrograd, and their intrigues seem to have met with a considerable measure of success. With a democratic Government in office the task of these spies has in a sense been rendered easier. There is less corruption, but the men at the head of affairs to-day are more easily approached than were the men of the ruling classes who controlled affairs before the revolution.

No one doubts the absolute good faith of the Provisional Government, but Russian Ministers have serious troubles in front of them, and though they may defeat the treasonable influences that are at work the disturbed conditions prevailing must necessarily militate against concentration on the business of prosecuting the war to a victorious finish.

Trench Birds Mimic Whistling Shells.

Professor Darwin and Dr Wallace would both have been interested in a letter I have received about bird life on the Western front from a soldier serving in the trenches.

"You know," he writes, "I am something of a nature lover, and in particular a modest student of bird life.

"Well, I have been carefully studying the birds in this war-stricken area, and, bear in mind, it is a region where war has reigned fiercely but almost statical for nearly three years. Now I find time and again that certain birds, whose mimicry is well developed and recognised, are consistently and very cleverly imitating the sound of whistling shells and bullets. It is a positive fact. Not dozens of times, but scores of times I have heard birds reproduce the familiar whistle of a light shell or bullet, and they do it so accurately that I have sometimes been deceived.

"The note is certainly not one that was in the bird's repertory before the war. I notice that particular birds are adepts at the game, and that this mimicry is usually stimulated by hearing the actual thing. A shell or a fragment of a shell sings with its curious note overhead, and almost at once some bird imitates the sound, reproducing it with often exact fidelity."

Plotters and Seed Potatoes.

The poor little retail greengrocers are being bitterly assailed in some quarters for selling potatoes as seed when the tubers are of a size that show they were never intended by nature for that purpose.

Prosecutions are being suggested, and no doubt we shall hear very shortly of some of these shopkeepers being fined. If that is to be their fate, what punishment should be meted out to the local Councils who are foisting potatoes on allotment holders which by no possible stretch of imagination can be regarded as seed?

I have made it my business to inspect several bags of these potatoes, and it is not exaggerating in the least to say that some of them are as big as cocoanuts. The Order which has been issued defines the size of the seed potato quite clearly. It should be small enough to pass through a certain sized mesh.

It would be as difficult for some of the potatoes sold in London to pass through the mesh indicated as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle.

WHERE OUR SAFETY LIES AGAINST THE U-BOAT MENACE.

BETTER TO HUNT FOR SUBMARINES THAN FOR SCAPEGOATS.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

WITH this issue of "The Post Sunday Special" is published a special map, showing the blockaded sea areas, in which the German Admiralty declares that all shipping will be sunk at sight. My notes this week will, therefore, be entirely devoted to the subject of the enemy's submarine campaign and the question of our own devices for counteracting the efforts of the U boats. The German scheme of commerce-destruction is pressing more and more on public attention, and it is accordingly desirable that as complete a review of the situation should be given as space permits.

The most important of the blockaded zones encircles the British Isles, includes the Bay of Biscay, nearly all the Belgian Coast, and covers the French littoral on the Channel and Atlantic, right down to the Franco-Spanish frontier. It is within the south-western portion of this zone, where all the trade routes converge into the English and Irish Channels, that the chief amount of destructive work is done.

In the Mediterranean, nearly all the Northern African Coast, and all the coasts of the Allied countries are covered by the Austro-German submarine blockade map. A "safety lane" is nominally left open for the transit of shipping to Greece, but this is purely a specious concession. After the two foregoing areas had been defined the enemy added a third zone, away to the north, above the northern Norwegian Coast. This is designed to interrupt all traffic with Archangel and Alexandrovsk, Russia's northerly ports. I have taken no record of any German declaration of blockade against the Russian Baltic ports. Those harbours have been cut off from the outside world since the very first days of war.

One word of warning must be added, of a very obvious nature. It must not be assumed that the surfaces defined on maps are the only areas in which German submarines will destroy shipping. Ships supplied with "safe conducts" by the Germans themselves have been sunk; neutral vessels plying between neutral ports with neutral cargoes have been destroyed, and vessels have been sent to the bottom in those very areas in which the enemy promised ships would be immune from attack.

International Law demands the exact definition of a blockaded zone. The Germans have nominally complied with this regulation, so that they may claim to have acted strictly within the codes of civilised warfare. But the world knows that, at any time and in any place, the U boats will carry on their work, irrespective of the geographical boundaries of "blockade areas," "safety lanes," or even the neutrality of non-belligerents' coastal waters.

The Number of U Boats.

So much for maps. The next subject is the number of submarines in existence. On this point it is naturally impossible to get any really reliable evidence. The enemy claims to have 300 boats in existence, but we can regard his figures as the most roseate possible estimate. At the end of last year the most competent of the Allied naval critics assessed Germany's submarine flotillas at a total of 150 to 180 boats, divided between the ocean-going type of about 1800 tons, the sea-going type of 500 tons, and the small coastal boats and mine-sowing craft of 100 to 400 tons. Austria was believed to have about thirty under-water boats of all types, but this is probably too moderate a figure.

The Admiralty have recently obtained authentic evidence, showing that a system of prize bounties was introduced for the German submarine service about the beginning of last February. These facts came into the possession of our naval authorities, I understand, through the capture of one or two U boats of the very latest and largest ocean-going species.

This and last week's returns of sunken shipping are formidable, and I understand the next return to be made may show even greater shipping casualties. The gravity of the situation has been increased by two declarations, made within the past few days.

Sir Edward Carson has stated that the number of German submarines is increasing. It was hoped that our own and the Allied anti-submarine organisations would at least keep the total of U boats at a fairly constant figure. At the best we might kill off more submarines than Germany could replace from her shipyards, and so wear down her submarine resources. These expectations have proved too optimistic.

> Germany's rate of submarine production exceeds our power of destruction at present, more and more U boats are coming to sea, and it is inevitable that shipping losses will mount to higher and higher figures unless we act with energy, speed, and decision.

Sir Edward Percy, a member of the British Mission to the United States, is the author of the second serious statement. According to his information, the present output of new shipping from our own yards is quite an inadequate compensation for the losses we suffer. It is obvious, then, that our mercantile marine is declining. Sixty-two per cent. of the whole British mercantile marine tonnage is now absorbed in naval or military duty, leaving thirty-eight per cent. free for food and freight carrying. And it is on the thirty-eight per cent. that the German submarines are making such rapid inroads.

Recriminations are useless, and do not help, but hinder the winning of the war. It is better to hunt for U boats than for scapegoats. Nevertheless, a certain amount of blame is attached to preceding Boards of Admiralty. We cannot prevent the Germans building submarines, but the last Board must have heard that the German shipyards were being concentrated on a huge output of underwater craft, and should have made preparations accordingly.

The only other inference is that our Intelligence Service is so inefficient the Admiralty never received warning of the coming huge U-boat campaign. The building of one hundred or two hundred boats, not only in the German naval dockyards, but at inland towns, is a feat of such magnitude and involves so many people, it would be impossible to keep the fact secret. Consequently, the last Board must have been warned. What did it do?

Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux has told us, and I only wish I could add my own information to his revelations. The naval member for Portsmouth said:—"What did the late Board do? They built a few destroyers and submarines and spent eighteen millions on the most ridiculous, crack-brained big ships that ever entered the mind of man. They were 700 feet long, weighed about 30,000 tons, carried a few big guns, no armour, and were so weak they could hardly go to sea. Most of them had been scrapped, and all of them ought to be."

A Huge Fiasco.

Instead of constructing destroyers, anti-submarine craft, and convoy ships, the late Board indulged in the biggest fiasco in naval construction ever recorded. It may be possible to patch and tinker these vessels into sea-going form, but at present the monster "crack-brained" warships are monster failures, to the huge delight of the Huns.

Since they entered into partnership at the Admiralty Sir Edward Carson and Sir John Jellicoe have never made any secret of the fact that they regarded the German submarine campaign as a serious menace. The present state of affairs cannot be laid to their charge, for all our three War Boards of Admiralty have had to deal with the subject of commerce destruction by submarines.

During the present naval administration the subject has assumed even more formidable a shape, but the present Board has attacked the problem with more determination and energy than any of its predecessors. We have an enormous amount of leeway still to make up, but both the Prime Minister, the First Lord and the First Sea Lord are confident we will finally get the upper hand of the situation.

Is there an Antidote?

Every one wants to know if an absolute antidote can be found to overthrow the German piratical campaign. There is one such certain remedy, but it is beyond our grasp. By capturing the German naval bases the U boat warfare would automatically come to an end in three months. This corrective cannot be attained. Is there any other kind of "absolute antidote"? None is known to exist as yet, but necessity will force it into existence, in spite of almost insuperable obstacles and difficulty.

The vital essential of all anti-submarine expedients is not the killing of the objective, but the finding of it. Too many "submarine remedies" assume the hare to be caught, and elaborate methods of cooking and serving it. The submarine is a slow, fragile and feeble vessel, but its great asset is invisibility and secrecy of movement. Once found, ramming, bombing, and gun fire are all adequate for its destruction.

First find your submarine, and the rest is easy. Once stripped of its invisibility, the submarine, as a fighting ship, becomes "not worth while," and every navy in the world would give it up as useless. If some method of seeing under water could be given to ships, a sure antidote against the submarines would be secured.

At the present moment, the only means of watching for completely submerged craft is by observation from seaplanes, dirigible, or captive balloons and man-lifting kites. Looking down from aloft, the submarine can be detected slinking along under water like a great fish.

Even this antidote does not hold good in all circumstances. If the water is shallow, well lit, and has a sandy bottom, "spotting the U boat" is fairly easy, but small shoals of fish, drifting patches of weed, and the shadows of small clouds can often be mistaken for a submarine. In deep or muddy seas and dark weather it is very difficult to pick up the target, unless the periscope is above water to mark the path of the U boat by a small wake of foam.

Instead of sight, microphones have been tried for the purpose of listening to a submarine. Water is an excellent conductor of sound, and it has been discovered that submarines create a peculiar form of submarine "noise," which can be detected by instruments capable of receiving very small sounds. But microphones are very delicate and, so far, have only been used in shore stations with any success.

Unreliability of Minefields.

Instead of looking for U boats, an alternative policy is to have ships stationed at the points where these pests are most likely to break ground, or rather, break water. We have caught a few hostile craft in this way, at certain points on the coast where the enemy commanders used to make a landfall and take their bearings. The waters off the naval bases used to repay assiduous hunting also. Trade routes are also patrolled, and ships escorted, either singly or in convoys, as they are mostly likely to attract the U boats.

The smaller a space in which an object is being sought for the most easily and quickly will it be found. So much is obvious. The closer our anti-submarine craft get to the German naval harbours the more certainty there is of catching a submarine setting out or returning from a cruise. On the other hand, there is always the danger of the anti-submarine craft being wiped out by a sudden sally of powerful German warships from the bases.

The Admiralty have attempted to set up a great mine field across the German corner of the North Sea, and as close as possible to the hostile naval ports. This may be intended to serve as a protective barrier, behind which our anti-submarine craft may work with fair impunity from attack by the German Fleet.

Minefield, trap nets, and other such submerged entanglements, intended to catch and destroy automatically all U boats which come into contact with them, are not reliable. They serve well for the protection of harbours and sheltered anchorages, but in the open sea they are always getting broken up by storms or strong currents and swept away.

> It is not often recollected that the weekly shipping returns list together the vessels sunk by submarines and mines. The destructive power of the mine is usually overlooked, though the Admiralty rate the mine-laying U-boat peril very seriously.

The Germans are making wider and wider use of these craft. The mine-sowing U boat need not take the risk of trying to chase and sink a steamer by gunfire or torpedo, with the chance that the mercantile ship may be armed.

The mine-laying submarines do their destruction by deputy; they sow their freight of infernal machines and leave them to do the work. There is less risk of attack, the submarines are less exposed to loss, and the enemy is now favouring this system of destroying shipping, as it conserves his submarine resources.

A small mine-laying U boat of 200 tons can carry twelve mines, while the biggest ocean-going submersible can only accommodate eight torpedoes. Mines are cheaper than torpedoes, and can be used in larger numbers. Each mine sown off a commercial harbour represent a miniature submarine lying in wait. The Germans are, almost certainly, now employing very big mine-laying boats, each carrying a freight of fifty or more mines.

The Best Submarine Hunter.

The arming of merchant ships is a policy which pays well, and is being pursued with vigour. But what we chiefly need is the best type of submarine-slaying craft afloat—the destroyer. We will never have enough of these craft, although we now possess several hundreds of them. The sooner a warship gets to the spot at which the submarine peeps above water the better the chance of destroying the pirate by means of bombs. You never can tell at what point a submarine will break water, and accordingly a fast and handy type of boat, which can turn quickly and race down on the U-boat, is wanted. The destroyer meets all these conditions, and as a submarine destroyer it is the most effective kind of ship afloat. Sea-going and fast motor launches come up to the required standard also, provided they are reliable and weatherly craft.

Besides being a war on water and below it, there is also a combat of wits. No sooner do we put any ingenious and deadly system of submarine slaying into operation than the enemy sets about working out some way of countering the new expedient. When submarines had one periscope they could be easily blinded, and so forced to come to the surface for destruction. But now they carry two, three, or four periscopes, only using one at a time, and holding the remainder in reserve, telescoped within the hull out of harm's way. At Kiel and the other training centres German submarine commanders are put through a complete and practical course in submarine "antidotes" before they set out on their first cruise.

Besides the menace to our shipping and food supplies, there is perhaps a greater peril to avoid. The enemy hopes that his U-boat warfare will shake our nerve, and so cause some insensate public agitation to arise in this country which will force the hands of our naval strategists. The raids by the Zeebrugge flotillas are designed to this end.

The Grand Fleet is not to be wantonly risked to satisfy any popular clamour, though the Germans fervently hope that agitation in this country might compel the Admiralty to make some strategical blunder. The High Sea Fleet is always waiting for the chance of catching the Grand Fleet off its guard or at a disadvantage. So long as we keep our nerve, and leave the higher naval strategy in the hands of experienced admirals, we shall be safe.

PAPER FAMINE.

Owing to the German submarine campaign practically no pulp for papermaking has been reaching this country for the last few months, and it has been stated that there is only enough pulp in stock at the mills to keep them running for three weeks.

For all consumers of paper and for newspapers especially the outlook is very serious. It is necessary to economise by every possible means, and it is certain that very soon much smaller papers will be the rule.

LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

Proverb for the F.C.

Mind the poss and the queues will mind themselves.—London Star.

It Shall Not Fail.

The navy has never failed us, and it will not let us down at the end of the road.—Weekly News.

Coddling the Enemy.

The immunity enjoyed by the friends of Germany in this country is both a mystery and a scandal.—The Outlook.

The Food Controller's Delays.

When the poor man tries to go without bread he finds the control of everything else subject to mysterious selections and delays.—New Witness.

A Safe Bet.

The Kaiser promises his people a franchise reform after the war. They are likely to get it, too, but it's a safe bet that it won't be Wilhelm who will grant it.—Montreal Star.

The Pacifist Argument.

The timid pedestrian handed his pocket-book to the footpad. "This foils his carefully laid plans," he explained, "to take it away from me with a club."—Boston Transcript.

A General Feeling.

Here is a plan we hope and trust
The Germans will condemn—
By proper use of Smuts we must
Make things look black for them.

—Daily Chronicle.

Extreme Visions.

There is no more prospect of our starvation than of an Allied march on Berlin. Both are extreme visions of the war, springing from brains that have never taken a true measure of it.—The Nation.

Let Us Hope Not.

In the absence of a speedy and decisive triumph on the Western front, the contest must resolve itself into a race between the British shipyards and the German submarines.—Naval and Military Record.

What's in a Name?

Much of the best fighting in the world has been done by Maudes, Percys, Clarences, and other gentlemen whose names sound effeminate to red-blooded shipping clerks and assistant bookkeepers. — Chicago Tribune.

A New Rendering of Cæsar.

Gallia omnes divisa est in partes tres, viz.—That part the Kaiser would like to own, that part his troops have abandoned, and that part from which the British and French are about to drive them. — New Britain Herald.

"Some" Scatterbrain!

Doubtless Mr Lloyd George is a scatterbrain, but, after all, it is brain that he does scatter, and the old type of Liberalism, with its black coat, dignified aspect, correctitude of theory and paucity of ideas will never govern an England that needs reconstruction.—Truth.

Why This Delay?

This spring ought to have witnessed the dawning of Serbia's day of deliverance, but apparently the Diplomats still hold the field, and the soldiers are compelled to look on while Constantine talks of neutrality with the Entente and of treachery with his paid footpads.—Dundee Courier.

Tax for All.

We should like to see the income tax applied to all incomes. Every person should pay a direct sum, however small, for the protection he or she enjoys. The price of a few visits to "the pictures" would be simply nothing compared with the sacrifices of our soldiers and sailors.—Spectator.

A Good Omen.

A little while ago victory was to be obtained by the Zeppelins, now it is to be secured by the submarines. Where are the Zeppelins now? A silence surrounds them. Ask of the waves and the winds. In due time we shall get the better of the submarine as we got the better of the Zeppelin.—Morning Post.

Do They?

Men tremble at the thought of rations administered by the present regime. Our Food Controllers—of whom there are apparently four, Lord Devonport, Captain Bathurst, Mr Prothero, and the brewers—have up to now made every German mistake that they possibly could make, together with a few of their own.—New Statesman.

Teddy.

It's "Teddy this" and "Teddy that," an' "Teddy 'ow's yer soul?"
But it's "Way for Mr Roosevelt!" when the country's in a hole;
When the nation's in a hole, my friends, and the war cloud's rising black,
Then it's "Room for Colonel Roosevelt!" for Teddy's coming back.
It's "Traitor to his party," and it's "Not the people's choice,"
But it's "Citizen and patriot" when they hear the cannon's voice;
When they scent the smoke of battle, boys, and need a million men,
It's "Rah for General Roosevelt!"—and who's the "traitor" then?

—Chicago Tribune.

HAIG'S FOOTING IN THE HINDENBURG LINE.

SPLENDID SUCCESS OF LATEST BRITISH OFFENSIVE.

BY GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

SOMEONE who clearly does not appreciate the elements of naval strategy has characterised the present phase of the struggle on the Western front as an effort on the part of the British Army to win the war before the navy loses it.

Happily that is very far from being the position; but if it were, the progress Sir Douglas Haig has made during the last few days might well occasion uneasiness to the enemy's higher command.

Sir Douglas Haig during the week has launched another offensive, the fourth since the first great push which swept down the barrier of the Vimy Ridge. That barrier was regarded by Von Hindenburg as a basion which would preserve his new line in the north from Drocourt to Queant free from all attacks until such time as its defences were completed.

The capture of the Vimy Ridge altered the situation entirely. Von Hindenburg was faced with the possibility of a wedge being driven in between his armies in Belgium and the north and his armies operating south of Lens. At all costs this risk had to be avoided.

A new line, in the form of a rough semi-circle, was thrown up, running through Mericourt, Acheville, and Oppy. In defence of this line division after division was flung into the furnace to hold up the British advance.

Previous to the offensive which was started on Thursday this was the line in front of which our armies stood. Now it has been definitely pierced. That is the meaning of the capture of the village of Fresnoy, which lies to the east of these temporary German positions, and which stands in front of the main Hindenburg line running from Drocourt to Queant.

But the capture of Fresnoy does not complete the tale of Sir Douglas Haig's success. Further to the south we have obtained a footing in the famous Hindenburg line itself. At Bullecourt, immediately to the north of Queant, our men have penetrated into the German main trenches. This is the position at the moment of writing.

Needless to say, the Germans are making desperate efforts to retrieve the position and to drive us out of the positions won. Counter-offensive after counter-offensive is being launched, and the struggle sways backwards and forwards.

Prisoners Not the Real Test of Success.

But what we have we hold. The Germans have gained some successes in the centre between Fresnoy and Bullecourt, but at Fresnoy itself we have maintained our positions, and so far from causing us to relax our hold on the main Hindenburg line at Bullecourt Sir Douglas Haig is able to report that we are bombing our way eastwards along the enemy's communication trenches. Needless to say, the progress made has still to be measured by yards rather than by miles.

We have taken nearly a thousand prisoners, but whatever Mr Lloyd George may say to the contrary the number of prisoners taken in fighting of this kind cannot be regarded as the real test of success. The picked troops Von Hindenburg is throwing into the threatened gap in his line are not the kind of men who surrender readily. They represent the finest fighting material that Germany has available, and the German soldier at his best is not a man who can be treated lightly. Any British soldier who has been through the mill on the Western front will tell you that, and it is a poor compliment to the achievements of our own men to underrate the fighting qualities of the enemy.

The real test is that despite the utmost efforts the Germans can oppose to us we continue to go forward, and in going forward we continue to inflict the most terrible casualties on the enemy. There is nothing more expensive in modern warfare than counter-offensives over ground not adapted for the purpose.

Lens and St Quentin.

What puzzles many people who follow the course of the war from day to day is the way there has been in ejecting the Germans from St Quentin and from Lens. It was known two or three weeks ago that we were fighting on the outskirts of both these towns, and the fall of both appeared to be imminent. Lens and St Quentin, however, are both big industrial centres.

There is no doubt that their capture could have been effected before now if the French and British had chosen to bring their heavy guns to bear upon them and raze their buildings to the ground. That Sir Douglas Haig and General Nivelle should prefer to hold their hands is natural enough, though the explanations are that at Lens at least the Germans are themselves carrying out with fire and mines the destruction we hesitate to inflict by direct bombardment.

At the moment every street in Lens bristles with machine-guns, and infantry attack without artillery preparation is not to be thought of. In due course, when the process of encirclement is complete, we shall march into Lens almost without opposition, though it is probable enough that we shall find nothing but smouldering ruins awaiting us.

In the meantime Sir Douglas Haig is fighting his way along the Scarpe valley, and the Mericourt-Acheville-Oppy line has not been able to withstand our assaults any longer. This line represented the positions the Germans took up to oppose the British advance until their main defensive line between Drocourt and Queant was completed.

Relying on the Vimy bastion, the section between Queant and Droocuirt was left to the last. When the Vimy Ridge was taken the natural course for Von Hindenburg to have pursued would have been to attempt the recapture of the position.

It is reported that he was persuaded of the hopelessness of this by a personal survey of the ground across which his troops would have had to attack. But the British had to be held up somehow until the Drocourt-Queant line was completed, and so division after division of the best troops that could be mustered were thrown in to defend the hastily improvised Mericourt-Acheville-Oppy line.

The Germans had, of course, no intention of remaining on this line, but they had orders not to relinquish it until their engineers should report that everything was in readiness for making a permanent stand further to the east.

As regards Von Hindenburg's southern flank, the French are again active along the Aisne and in Champagne, especially in Champagne. On this front, however, General Nivelle is attacking some of the most powerful positions on the entire Western front, and it remains to be seen whether he has sufficient reserves available to enable him to follow up the early and signal successes which he won.

But no one can doubt that Von Hindenburg's main anxiety is in the North. He may delay the British advance, but he has no guarantee that we will not blast our way through the new positions, as we have blasted our way through the old.

It was the defence of this temporary line or outpost which forced Von Hindenburg to make demands on his strategic reserve, but it was ill-suited for the purpose it was intended to serve.

This explains the frightful casualties the enemy has suffered. Von Hindenburg, in order to arrest the British advance, has been compelled to deliver violent counter-offensives on ground exceedingly unfavourable to himself. And Sir Douglas Haig did not exaggerate when he spoke of thousands of German dead lying on the ground in front of our positions.

The Weak Link.

The question may be asked how it comes about that Von Hindenburg left this weak link in the chain of his defences between Lens and Laon. The answer is that he never anticipated the fall of the Vimy Ridge. He relied on the maintenance of that bastion to protect the northern sectors of his line until it was completed.

Confident in the ability of Prince Rupprecht to hold on at Vimy, work was concentrated in the first instance on the line south of Cambrai, which consists of four distinct systems of trenches, which are understood to be in a forward condition.

Those who have fallen into the German trap of believing that the object of Sir Douglas Haig's tactics was a clean break through, would do well to ponder the speech which Lord Curzon made a day or two ago about the general position. What the Lord President of the Council had to say ought to provide a very useful corrective to the fantastic statements which had been circulated by the German official communiques, and which have even been accepted by some people in this country.

Lord Curzon, who is a member of the War Cabinet, and ought to know the position, if anyone does, stated definitely in the course of his speech that the British forces "have already more than attained the objective they set out to get." He pointed out, further, that the enemy are now on the defensive, not on the Western front alone, but on all their fronts. And it is very doubtful whether, in view of the losses he has suffered in front of Arras, Von Hindenburg will be able to asume the offensive once more. From time to time we have been told of great thrusts being prepared, first against this front and then against another front.

The possibility that Von Hindenburg would find all his plans upset by the Allies wresting the initiative from him was pointed out in these columns some time ago. Whether Von Hindenburg intended to strike against Russia, against Italy, or, as some believed, against some point on the Western front, is a question which will probably never be answered officially until the secret history of these times comes to be written.

But we know enough already to see that any plans which the Germans may have in contemplation must have been rudely disturbed, and very possibly have been utterly destroyed, by the demands Von Hindenburg has been forced to make on his strategic reserves in order to hold up the British advance east of Arras. They have, as Lord Curzon said, been compelled to fight in the open, and they have been forced to use the greater part of the divisions they had kept in reserve for their great coup in order to prevent disaster befalling their whole line on the Western front. We are only at the beginning of May, but already we have made progress greater than anyone believed was possible, and, with the help of our Allies south of St Quentin, have captured during these first weeks of the offensive over forty thousand prisoners and over four hundred guns.

HUNS AFRAID OF INVASION.

SPURRING THE WANING GERMAN PATRIOTS.

AUDACIOUS CLAIM TO "A CLEAN CONSCIENCE."

(Specially Contributed.)

To spur the waning patriotism of the hungry Hun munitioneers the German press publish eloquent pictures of the terrors of the invasion of the Fatherland by the Allies.

The Hamburger Zeitung is particularly dramatic:—"A broad band of desert land stretches over the whole of France from the sea to the Vosges mountains; thousands of villages and towns lie in ashes and ruins, struck by the fury of war. During the last few weeks we have been compelled to widen this stretch of horrors. Only let the French, after crossing this desert, once break through into Germany's fair counties with their hearts full of still-unquenched retribution for 1870 and fierce revenge for the destruction of the present war, and they will kill and slaughter in a way hitherto unknown in history. The rationing of foodstuffs which you complain of will certainly cease then—in fact, the food will cease as well."

Going on to speak of the lust for plunder of the French and British, they unblushingly declare:—"We have a clean conscience in this respect. We leave the goods and chattels of the inhabitants of the conquered villages unmolested and unharmed."

Admiration for British Method.

I was rather amused the other day to notice in the Berliner Tageblatt, sandwiched in between lurid abuse of Britain and her Allies, a little paragraph which goes to show that, try as he may, the Hun cannot help admiring British system and method.

Speaking of the great waste of time which is occasioned at the Berlin Underground and Suburban Railways, the writer remarks—"Passengers simply saunter in and out of these trains. With the present lack of other conveyances these railways are very crowded, and owing to the evident inability of the German citizen to save time, the trains are constantly very late.

"Anyone who knows conditions in London is aware that the trains, and even motor omnibuses are run with much greater dispatch than here. In London the conductors (now lady conductors) have no need to continually remind passengers to hurry. The public has out down delay at the stations to a minimum, and they know that if they don't hurry the train will leave without them. In spite of this, statistics show that no more accidents occur in London, through passengers entering and alighting from trains, than any other where.

How Hindenburg Lives.

One of our correspondents, who has repeatedly had the opportunity of meeting Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, has sent us a few details of how the great man spends his day.

About 8.30 a.m Hindenburg goes to the head staff office, and remains there until 1.30 p.m. After a short rest for dinner he works again from 3.30 p.m. to seven o'clock, and then again from 9.30—11 p.m. His energy and vigour seem to grow with his work and his responsibility, and his strong physique does not even compel him to the careful mode of living which people of sixty-nine years of age often find necessary. The favourite sport of the Field-Marshal is game shooting, and he indulges in it whenever he can manage to take a few days' leave.—Hamburger Fremdenblatt.

Another Oliver Cromwell.

The Franqfurter Zeitung is growing venemous with regard to Mr Lloyd George. They effect to see in him "another Oliver Cromwell, who already feels himself Britain's protector, and is only waiting his chance until King George is deposed to show himself in his true colours."

Serious Strikes in Leipzig.

It is not alone in Berlin that strikes of every class of workm[illegible] are continually breaking out. In other [illegible] content is just as rampant. [illegible] serious strikes are repo[illegible]

BLACK WATCH OFFICER DIES OF WOUNDS.

Second-Lieutenant Alexander Douglas Stuart Gowans, Black Watch, who has died of wounds, was the only son of John Stuart Gowans, C.A., 43 Polwarth Terrace, Edinburgh. He was twenty-one years of age, was educated at the Edinburgh Academy, and was in his father's office. He returned to the front a few months ago after recovering from previous wounds. Being of a particularly bright and lovable disposition, he will be greatly missed by his numerous friends.

RIGHTEOUS REPRISALS.

TO PROTECT OUR WOUNDED AND NURSES.

BY DURWARD MACLEOD.

(EXCLUSIVELY CONTRIBUTED TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL")

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, the Free Church Council, a small company of ministers hailing from other denominations, a coterie of aristocrats, and not a few commoners are holding their hands aloft in holy horror because of the reprisals which our able military leaders, not forgetting those of our gallant Allies, have seen fit to inflict upon a cruel and blood-guilty nation.

"The aerial raid upon Freiburg has stained the bright escutcheon of British honour," is the cry that emanates from the pained souls of those distinguished gentlemen. "A large body of Christian opinion in this country viewed the measures of reprisals with grave disapproval," declared the Archbishop in the House of Lords, and Sir Edward Clarke, in a published letter, regretfully remarks—"Surely our gallant airmen are worthy of better employment than dropping bombs on defenceless citizens. And it is hard that the glorious memories of this great war should be smirched by one act of dishonour."

Probably no greater insult was ever flung in the teeth of the men responsible for the destinies of the British Empire.

Let it be borne in mind that the Freiburg affair was not the sequel to a hasty decision arrived at by one man. On the contrary, it was the unanimous judgment, not only of the British War Cabinet, but also of the Imperial War Cabinet and the French Government. Moreover, the Huns were warned that, if they put into execution their threat to sink our hospital ships, reprisals would follow. This information was published broadcast throughout the world several weeks prior to the day when our brave wounded and their heroic nurses were foully murdered in the English Channel.

Both Earl Curzon and Viscount Milner, in replying to the critics of the Government policy, laid emphasis on the fact that only after prolonged and grave consideration had it been finally agreed to present the Germans with a mouthful of their own medicine. Not by way of revenge, be it noted, but as the sole feasible method which might act as a deterrent upon a war-mad, barbarous foe.

I make bold to question whether any man in the Empire more sincerely regretted this step than did Sir Douglas Haig. And his natural repugnance must certainly have been shared by Jellicoe, Joffre, and Nivelle. But what other path could they have pursued?

The Honour of Empire.

A vast and frequently impaseable gulf separates destructive from constructive criticism; and of the latter the noble Archbishop and his friends display not a fragment. "Let us grin and bear it as best we can" is their pitiful suggestion.

We are to stand idly by while our wounded, helpless heroes, who self-sacrificingly shed their blood on our behalf, are callously attacked and sent to their graves in the mud of the sea! We must remain calmly quiescent while some of the noblest women of our race are hurled into eternity by the willing minions of a moral degenerate—the bombastic, sacrilegious owner of a hate-filled heart! Perish the thought!

To what extent the self-appointed guardians of the Empire's honour are prepared to support this altruistic plan of shameful inaction I do not profess to know; nor is it a subject of vital importance.

The honour of the Empire—forsooth! In whose keeping does it lie? Does it rest alone with the Archbishop of Canterbury and those who share his views on this question? Or does it rest with the officers and men of our matchless army and invincible navy? A superfluous question, is it not? The honour and glory of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen—or is ever likely to see—could not possibly rest in safer, cleaner hands than those now entrusted with the task of wielding the remorseless, unerring sword of justice that shall some day soon, please God, exact a full and memorable penalty for the revolting crimes of the German soldiers and their applauding, enthusiastic accessories—the German people.

There are those who will glibly tell you that all this evil was wrought by the German soldiery, and that the poor deluded, peace-loving citizens of the Fatherland are blameless and deserving of pity rather than censure—crushed as they are under the iron heel of Prussian militarism.

Nevertheless a few days ago the members of the Reichstag almost convulsed themselves with mingled laughter and indignation at President Wilson's attempt to remove the onus of responsibility from the shoulders of the "kultured" masses. They stigmatised it as a base and treacherous endeavour to sow discord between the Kaiser and his admiring subjects, and they boldly, proudly, and truthfully averred that whatever had been done by the German war machine had met with the zealous and whole-hearted approval of the vast bulk of the German nation.

I can lay claim to some personal knowledge of the Teutonic character. A sojourn of several years in the United States frequently brought me into close and undesired contact with Fritz. At the outbreak of war I was in the city of Milwaukee, where I remained until the autumn of 1915. When the Lusitania was torpedoed the exuberant joy exhibited by the Schultzs and the Schmidts created within me not the faintest sensation of surprise. I knew my man. I was aware that, despite all his vaunted education and powers of scientific research, only the thin veneer of civilisation concealed from view the indelible, inherent marks of his savage, brutal ancestry. For the mind of the Hun is a cesspool of innate, inhuman cruelty—a cesspool whose loathsome contents erupt and become uncontrollable with the advent of opportunity, even in its filmiest and most unwarranted form.

Reprisals are Righteous.

Reprisals are right because they furnish the only method of procedure by which we may hope to protect our wounded and our nurses from future disaster. I cordially endorse the statement made by Earl Curzon that "the Germans appear to be peculiarly open to the argument of reprisals. They readily and almost gladly apply to others treatment which makes them squeal like babies if there is any thought of applying it to themselves."

Therein is contained the quintessence of this grave and weighty matter.

It may come as news to the horror-stricken opponents of retaliation to learn that at the time when Russian, French, and British prisoners of war in Germany were suffering abominable treatment at the hands of their captors, both Russia and France brought the apostles of "kultur" sharply to their senses by the employment of retaliatory measures. And it was probably the fear of what might happen to the sailor son of Von Tirpitz that saved the life of Captain Blaikie, and prevented him from sharing the fate of Captain Fryatt.

"But those prisoners were combatants, and their status different from that of unoffending civilians," it may be alleged. True, but in such a business one must act consistently and adhere to the rule that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander

To-day the question is one that affects our wounded men and equally non-combatant nurses. It is therefore appropriate that reprisals should fall upon German non-combatants.

A Final Resource.

Let me reiterate that, so far as we are concerned, this system of retaliation is a final resource to which we have been sorrowfully driven in the hope that it may serve to protect those to whom we assuredly owe protection. It is not an attempt to enter into competition with the Germans in the promulgation of barbarity. God forbid!

The outburst against reprisals has a hypocritical ring about it, and smacks of self-delusion. The British bulldog is not a frightened, palpitating rabbit, nor does the heart of a timorous mouse inhabit the body of the British lion.

We want to fight clean, no nation more so. Yet we had perforce to follow the example of the devilish enemy, and employ poison gas. The gloves have slowly but inevitably been removed, and it is now a bitter, relentless fight to the death against a putrescent, soulless Empire.

The innocent victims! No war was ever fought without them. Their dead bodies bestrew the plains of Flanders, and they rest in the depths of the world's seven seas. Our blockade of Hunland brings its toll, and every man who falls on a stricken field, be he friend or foe, husband or father, lover or son, means tears and heavy sorrow to the loved ones left behind.

Finally, this is no ordinary war. The fate of civilisation—indeed, the whole future of life on earth, hangs in the balance. The rules that governed past conflicts have been thrown into the discard. Compared with this stupendous Armageddon some of the circles described in Dante's "Inferno" might easily appear both inviting and comfortable. And, that being so, we cannot afford to be finical in our efforts to rid the globe of the greatest curse by which it was ever afflicted—the curse of Prussian military despotism and the German gospel which holds that "might is right."

P.O. WORKERS' WAR BONUS.

Bath, Saturday.

The National Joint Committee of all the postal telegraphs societies in Great Britain are in conference at Matlock, Bath, to-day. The sitting is in camera, but Mr Mulholland, the general secretary, stated to the press—"We have accepted the new scale of war bonuses granted this week by the Arbitration Board. It was practically what we had asked for." Further he said—"We are not at present considering a further demand for increases of pay."

CAN YOU DO WITH A LITTLE LESS?

AN APPEAL FROM THE FRONT.

We have lain in the frozen mud o' nights,
While the fitful star-shell flared.
We have crouched in the dugouts underneath,
And talked of home, with chattering teeth,
Wondering how you fared.

We have won o'er the waste of "No Man's Land,"
And broken their front line through,
Followed barrage and curtain fire,
Hacking a way 'mid the cruel wire,
And we did it all for you.

We are using the shells you send us out;
My faith! we are speeding them well;
Blessing the hands that feed the guns,
Barking defiance to the Huns,
With never a breathing spell.

And how does it go with you at home?
We read of the U-boats' toll,
And are doing our best to pull you through;
But now it seems it is up to you
To help us to win the goal.

We go without much in the front line trench,
Can you do with a little less bread?
Can you hold on now with iron will,
While we put "paid" to the Huns' long bill,
And avenge our honoured dead?

Rumour we hear—but rumour lies;
We know that our kith and kin,
Body and soul, and heart and hand,
Are one with us for the Motherland,
Aught else were the Judas sin.

CHAS. NESS.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

FRICTION AMONG THE FOOD CONTROLLERS.

PREMIER'S UNENVIABLE TASK.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)
London, Saturday Night.

FROM all I can hear there is little likelihood of Captain Bathurst reconsidering his resignation so long as Lord Devonport remains in his present position as Food Controller.

There can be no doubt that serious disagreements have arisen between these two Ministers, who have during recent critical months been responsible for conserving the food supplies of the country. Captain Bathurst occupies a less responsible position than Lord Devonport, but those who take the trouble to study a record of their speeches will find that Captain Bathurst has been more accurate than his chief in the estimates he has given of the extent to which food economy would have to be practised if our supplies are to last out.

There appear, moreover, to be disagreements on questions of policy as well as on questions of means. Captain Bathurst has indicated very clearly that in his view meatless days ought to be abandoned. Live stock has to be killed off, and, for a time at least, meat ought to be comparatively plentiful. Thus there is no valid ground for continuing meatless days, especially as they tend to increase the consumption of bread.

Lord Devonport, however, has given no indication of any intention to rescind his Order, and there are suggestions that even in this regard he does not see eye to eye with his colleague.

Premier as Conciliator.

Mr Lloyd George is not to be envied the task of reconciling these differences when he resumes work at Downing Street.

It would be foolish flattery to assert that Lord Devonport commands public confidence in the position which he occupies, and if the Prime Minister allows Captain Bathurst to go it is feared that the Food Controller's office will lose one of its ablest and best-informed directors.

It is hoped, however, that before any decision is reached the whole question of our food supplies will be reviewed by the War Cabinet. What is wanted is more foresight and less extemporisation.

It is essential that there should be a careful weighing of our needs, and it is no use continuing to meet a shortage in one direction by creating a new shortage in another.

German Gold in Russia.

Although the trouble between the Russian Provisional Government and the Workers' and Soldiers' Council appears to have been temporarily composed, the situation is still viewed with some uneasiness in official circles in London.

It is known that German secret agents are making desperate efforts to stir up mischief in Petrograd, and their intrigues seem to have met with a considerable measure of success. With a democratic Government in office the task of these spies has in a sense been rendered easier. There is less corruption, but the men at the head of affairs to-day are more easily approached than were the men of the ruling classes who controlled affairs before the revolution.

No one doubts the absolute good faith of the Provisional Government, but Russian Ministers have serious troubles in front of them, and though they may defeat the treasonable influences that are at work the disturbed conditions prevailing must necessarily militate against concentration on the business of prosecuting the war to a victorious finish.

Trench Birds Mimic Whistling Shells.

Professor Darwin and Dr Wallace would both have been interested in a letter I have received about bird life on the Western front from a soldier serving in the trenches.

"You know," he writes, "I am something of a nature lover, and in particular a modest student of bird life.

"Well, I have been carefully studying the birds in this war-stricken area, and, bear in mind, it is a region where war has reigned fiercely but almost statical for nearly three years. Now I find time and again that certain birds, whose mimicry is well developed and recognised, are consistently and very cleverly imitating the sound of whistling shells and bullets. It is a positive fact. Not dozens of times, but scores of times I have heard birds reproduce the familiar whistle of a light shell or bullet, and they do it so accurately that I have sometimes been deceived.

"The note is certainly not one that was in the bird's repertory before the war. I notice that particular birds are adepts at the game, and that this mimicry is usually stimulated by hearing the actual thing. A shell or a fragment of a shell sings with its curious note overhead, and almost at once some bird imitates the sound, reproducing it with often exact fidelity."

Plotters and Seed Potatoes.

The poor little retail greengrocers are being bitterly assailed in some quarters for selling potatoes as seed when the tubers are of a size that show they were never intended by nature for that purpose.

Prosecutions are being suggested, and no doubt we shall hear very shortly of some of these shopkeepers being fined. If that is to be their fate, what punishment should be meted out to the local Councils who are foisting potatoes on allotment holders which by no possible stretch of imagination can be regarded as seed?

I have made it my business to inspect several bags of these potatoes, and it is not exaggerating in the least to say that some of them are as big as cocoanuts. The Order which has been issued defines the size of the seed potato quite clearly. It should be small enough to pass through a certain sized mesh.

It would be as difficult for some of the potatoes sold in London to pass through the mesh indicated as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle.

WHERE OUR SAFETY LIES AGAINST THE U-BOAT MENACE.

BETTER TO HUNT FOR SUBMARINES THAN FOR SCAPEGOATS.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

WITH this issue of "The Post Sunday Special" is published a special map, showing the blockaded sea areas, in which the German Admiralty declares that all shipping will be sunk at sight. My notes this week will, therefore, be entirely devoted to the subject of the enemy's submarine campaign and the question of our own devices for counteracting the efforts of the U boats. The German scheme of commerce-destruction is pressing more and more on public attention, and it is accordingly desirable that as complete a review of the situation should be given as space permits.

The most important of the blockaded zones encircles the British Isles, includes the Bay of Biscay, nearly all the Belgian Coast, and covers the French littoral on the Channel and Atlantic, right down to the Franco-Spanish frontier. It is within the south-western portion of this zone, where all the trade routes converge into the English and Irish Channels, that the chief amount of destructive work is done.

In the Mediterranean, nearly all the Northern African Coast, and all the coasts of the Allied countries are covered by the Austro-German submarine blockade map. A "safety lane" is nominally left open for the transit of shipping to Greece, but this is purely a specious concession. After the two foregoing areas had been defined the enemy added a third zone, away to the north, above the northern Norwegian Coast. This is designed to interrupt all traffic with Archangel and Alexandrovsk, Russia's northerly ports. I have taken no record of any German declaration of blockade against the Russian Baltic ports. Those harbours have been cut off from the outside world since the very first days of war.

One word of warning must be added, of a very obvious nature. It must not be assumed that the surfaces defined on maps are the only areas in which German submarines will destroy shipping. Ships supplied with "safe conducts" by the Germans themselves have been sunk; neutral vessels plying between neutral ports with neutral cargoes have been destroyed, and vessels have been sent to the bottom in those very areas in which the enemy promised ships would be immune from attack.

International Law demands the exact definition of a blockaded zone. The Germans have nominally complied with this regulation, so that they may claim to have acted strictly within the codes of civilised warfare. But the world knows that, at any time and in any place, the U boats will carry on their work, irrespective of the geographical boundaries of "blockade areas," "safety lanes," or even the neutrality of non-belligerents' coastal waters.

The Number of U Boats.

So much for maps. The next subject is the number of submarines in existence. On this point it is naturally impossible to get any really reliable evidence. The enemy claims to have 300 boats in existence, but we can regard his figures as the most roseate possible estimate. At the end of last year the most competent of the Allied naval critics assessed Germany's submarine flotillas at a total of 150 to 180 boats, divided between the ocean-going type of about 1800 tons, the sea-going type of 800 tons, and the small coastal boats and mine-sowing craft of 100 to 400 tons. Austria was believed to have about thirty under-water boats of all types, but this is probably too moderate a figure.

The Admiralty have recently obtained authentic evidence, showing that a system of prize bounties was introduced for the German submarine service about the beginning of last February. These facts came into the possession of our naval authorities, I understand, through the capture of one or two U boats of the very latest and largest ocean-going species.

This and last week's returns of sunken shipping are formidable, and I understand the next return to be made may show even greater shipping casualties. The gravity of the situation has been increased by two declarations, made within the past few days.

Sir Edward Carson has stated that the number of German submarines is increasing. It was hoped that our own and the Allied anti-submarine organisations would at least keep the total of U boats at a fairly constant figure. At the best we might kill off more submarines than Germany could replace from her shipyards, and so wear down her submarine resources. These expectations have proved too optimistic.

> Germany's rate of submarine production exceeds our power of destruction at present, more and more U boats are coming to sea, and it is inevitable that shipping losses will mount to higher and higher figures unless we act with energy, speed, and decision.

Sir Edward Percy, a member of the British Mission to the United States, is the author of the second serious statement. According to his information, the present output of new shipping from our own yards is quite an inadequate compensation for the losses we suffer. It is obvious, then, that our mercantile marine is declining. Sixty-two per cent. of the whole British mercantile marine tonnage is now absorbed in naval or military duty, leaving thirty-eight per cent. free for food and freight carrying. And it is on the thirty-eight per cent. that the German submarines are making such rapid inroads.

Recriminations are useless, and do not help, but hinder the winning of the war. It is better to hunt for U boats than for scapegoats. Nevertheless, a certain amount of blame is attached to preceding Boards of Admiralty. We cannot prevent the Germans building submarines, but the last Board must have heard that the German shipyards were being concentrated on a huge output of underwater craft, and should have made preparations accordingly.

The only other inference is that our Intelligence Service is so inefficient the Admiralty never received warning of the coming huge U-boat campaign. The building of one hundred or two hundred boats, not only in the German naval dockyards, but at inland towns, is a feat of such magnitude and involves so many people, it would be impossible to keep the fact secret. Consequently, the last Board must have been warned. What did it do?

Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux has told us, and I only wish I could add my own information to his revelations. The naval member for Portsmouth said:—"What did the late Board do? They built a few destroyers and submarines and spent eighteen millions on the most ridiculous, crack-brained big ships that ever entered the mind of man. They were 700 feet long, weighed about 30,000 tons, carried a few big guns, no armour, and were so weak they could hardly go to sea. Most of them had been scrapped, and all of them ought to be."

A Huge Fiasco.

Instead of constructing destroyers, anti-submarine craft, and convoy ships, the late Board indulged in the biggest fiasco in naval construction ever recorded. It may be possible to patch and tinker these vessels into sea-going form, but at present the monster "crack-brained" warships are monster failures, to the huge delight of the Huns.

Since they entered into partnership at the Admiralty Sir Edward Carson and Sir John Jellicoe have never made any

PAPER FAMINE.

Owing to the German submarine campaign practically no pulp for papermaking has been reaching this country for the last few months, and it has been stated that there is only enough pulp in stock at the mills to keep them running for three weeks.

For all consumers of paper and for newspapers especially the outlook is very serious. It is necessary to economise by every possible means, and it is certain that very soon much smaller papers will be the rule.

secret of the fact that they regarded the German submarine campaign as a serious menace. The present state of affairs cannot be laid to their charge, for all our three War Boards of Admiralty have had to deal with the subject of commerce destruction by submarines.

During the present naval administration the subject has assumed even more formidable a shape, but the present Board has attacked the problem with more determination and energy than any of its predecessors. We have an enormous amount of leeway still to make up, but both the Prime Minister, the First Lord and the First Sea Lord are confident we will finally get the upper hand of the situation.

Is there an Antidote?

Every one wants to know if an absolute antidote can be found to overthrow the German piratical campaign. There is one such certain remedy, but it is beyond our grasp. By capturing the German naval bases the U boat warfare would automatically come to an end in three months. This corrective cannot be attained. Is there any other kind of "absolute antidote"? None is known to exist as yet, but necessity will force it into existence, in spite of almost insuperable obstacles and difficulty.

The vital essential of all anti-submarine expedients is not the killing of the objective, but the finding of it. Too many "submarine remedies" assume the hare to be caught, and elaborate methods of cooking and serving it. The submarine is a slow, fragile and feeble vessel, but its great asset is invisibility and secrecy of movement. Once found, ramming, bombing, and gun fire are all adequate for its destruction.

First find your submarine, and the rest is easy. Once stripped of its invisibility, the submarine, as a fighting ship, becomes "not worth while," and every navy in the world would give it up as useless. If some method of seeing under water could be given to ships, a sure antidote against the submarines would be secured.

At the present moment, the only means of watching for completely submerged craft is by observation from seaplance, dirigible, or captive balloons and man-lifting kites. Looking down from aloft, the submarine can be detected slinking along under water like a great fish.

Even this antidote does not hold good in all circumstances. If the water is shallow, well lit, and has a sandy bottom, "spotting the U boat" is fairly easy, but small shoals of fish, drifting patches of weed, and the shadows of small clouds can often be mistaken for a submarine. In deep or muddy seas and dark weather it is very difficult to pick up the target, unless the periscope is above water to mark the path of the U boat by a small wake of foam.

Instead of sight, microphones have been tried for the purpose of listening to a submarine. Water is an excellent conductor of sound, and it has been discovered that submarine ships create a peculiar form of submarine "noise," which can be detected by instruments capable of receiving very small sounds. But microphones are very delicate and, so far, have only been used in shore stations with any success.

Unreliability of Minefields.

Instead of looking for U boats, an alternative policy is to have ships stationed at the points where these pests are most likely to break ground, or rather, break water. We have caught a few hostile craft in this way, at certain points on the coast where the enemy commanders used to make a landfall and take their bearings. The waters off the naval bases used to repay assiduous hunting also. Trade routes are also patrolled, and ships escorted, either singly or in convoys, as they are mostly likely to attract the U boats.

The smaller a space in which an object is being sought for the most easily and quickly will it be found. So much is obvious. The closer our anti-submarine craft get to the German naval harbours the more certainty there is of catching a submarine setting out or returning from a cruise. On the other hand, there is always the danger of the anti-submarine craft being wiped out by a sudden sally of powerful German warships from the bases.

The Admiralty have attempted to set up a great mine field across the German corner of the North Sea, and as close as possible to the hostile naval ports. This may be intended to serve as a protective barrier, behind which our anti-submarine craft may work with fair impunity from attack by the German Fleet.

Minefield, trap nets, and other such submerged entanglements, intended to catch and destroy automatically all U boats which come into contact with them, are not reliable. They serve well for the protection of harbours and sheltered anchorages, but in the open sea they are always getting broken up by storms or strong currents and swept away.

It is not often recollected that the weekly shipping returns list together the vessels sunk by submarines and mines. The destructive power of the mine is usually overlooked, though the Admiralty rate the mine-laying U-boat peril very seriously.

The Germans are making wider and wider use of these craft. The mine-sowing U boat need not take the risk of trying to chase and sink a steamer by gunfire or torpedo, with the chance that the mercantile ship may be armed.

The mine-laying submarines do their destruction by deputy; they sow their freight of infernal machines and leave them to do the work. There is less risk of attack, the submarines are less exposed to loss, and the enemy is now favouring this system of destroying shipping, as it conserves his submarine resources.

A small mine-laying U boat of 200 tons can carry twelve mines, while the biggest ocean-going submersible can only accommodate eight torpedoes. Mines are cheaper than torpedoes, and can be used in larger numbers. Each mine sown off a commercial harbour represent a miniature submarine lying in wait. The Germans are, almost certainly, now employing very big mine-laying boats, each carrying a freight of fifty or more mines.

The Best Submarine Hunter.

The arming of merchant ships is a policy which pays well, and is being pursued with vigour. But what we chiefly need is the best type of submarine-slaying craft afloat—the destroyer. We will never have enough of these craft, although we now possess several hundreds of them. The sooner a warship gets to the spot at which the submarine peeps above water the better the chance of destroying the pirate by means of bombs. You never can tell at what point a submarine will break water, and accordingly a fast and handy type of boat, which can turn quickly and race down on the U-boat, is wanted. The destroyer meets all these conditions, and as a submarine destroyer it is the most effective kind of ship afloat. Sea-going and fast motor launches come up to the required standard also, provided they are reliable and weatherly craft.

Besides being a war on water and below it, there is also a combat of wits. No sooner do we put any ingenious and deadly system of submarine slaying into operation than the enemy sets about working out some way of countering the new expedient. When submarines had one periscope they could be easily blinded, and so forced to come to the surface for destruction. But now they carry two, three, or four periscopes, only using one at a time, and holding the remainder in reserve, telescoped within the hull out of harm's way. At Kiel and the other training centres German submarine commanders are put through a complete and practical course in submarine "antidotes" before they set out on their first cruise.

Besides the menace to our shipping and food supplies, there is perhaps a greater peril to avoid. The enemy hopes that his U-boat warfare will shake our nerve, and so cause some insensate public agitation to arise in this country which will force the hands of our naval strategists. The raids by the Zeebrugge flotillas are designed to this end.

The Grand Fleet is not to be wantonly risked to satisfy any popular clamour, though the Germans fervently hope that agitation in this country might compel the Admiralty to make some strategical blunder. The High Sea Fleet is always waiting for the chance of catching the Grand Fleet off its guard or at a disadvantage. So long as we keep our nerve, and leave the higher naval strategy in the hands of experienced admirals, we shall be safe.

LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

Proverb for the F.C.

Mind the poss and the queues will mind themselves.—London Star.

It Shall Not Fail.

The navy has never failed us, and it will not let us down at the end of the road.—Weekly News.

Coddling the Enemy.

The immunity enjoyed by the friends of Germany in this country is both a mystery and a scandal.—The Outlook.

The Food Controller's Delays.

When the poor man tries to go without bread he finds the control of everything else subject to mysterious selections and delays.—New Witness.

A Safe Bet.

The Kaiser promises his people a franchise reform after the war. They are likely to get it, too, but it's a safe bet that it won't be Wilhelm who will grant it.—Montreal Star.

The Pacifist Argument.

The timid pedestrian handed his pocket-book to the footpad. "This foils his carefully laid plans," he explained, "to take it away from me with a club."—Boston Transcript.

A General Feeling.

Here is a plan we hope and trust
The Germans will condemn—
By proper use of Smuts we must
Make things look black for them.
—Daily Chronicle.

Extreme Visions.

There is no more prospect of our starvation than of an Allied march on Berlin. Both are extreme visions of the war, springing from brains that have never taken a true measure of it.—The Nation.

Let Us Hope Not.

In the absence of a speedy and decisive triumph on the Western front, the contest must resolve itself into a race between the British shipyards and the German submarines.—Naval and Military Record.

What's in a Name?

Much of the best fighting in the world has been done by Maudes, Percys, Clarences, and other gentlemen whose names sound effeminate to red-blooded shipping clerks and assistant bookkeepers. — Chicago Tribune.

A New Rendering of Cæsar.

Gallia omnes divisa est in partes tres, viz.—That part the Kaiser would like to own, that part his troops have abandoned, and that part from which the British and French are about to drive them. — New Britain Herald.

"Some" Scatterbrain!

Doubtless Mr Lloyd George is a scatterbrain, but, after all, it is brain that he does scatter, and the old type of Liberalism, with its black coat, dignified aspect, correctitude of theory and paucity of ideas will never govern an England that needs reconstruction.—Truth.

Why This Delay?

This spring ought to have witnessed the dawning of Serbia's day of deliverance, but apparently the Diplomats still hold the field, and the soldiers are compelled to look on while Constantine talks of neutrality with the Entente and of treachery with his paid footpads.—Dundee Courier.

Tax for All.

We should like to see the income tax applied to all incomes. Every person should pay a direct sum, however small, for the protection he or she enjoys. The price of a few visits to "the pictures" would be simply nothing compared with the sacrifice of our soldiers and sailors.—Spectator.

A Good Omen.

A little while ago victory was to be obtained by the Zeppelins, now it is to be secured by the submarines. Where are the Zeppelins now? A silence surrounds them. Aak of the waves and the winds. In due time we shall get the better of the submarine as we got the better of the Zeppelin.—Morning Post.

Do They?

Men tremble at the thought of rations administered by the present regime. Our Food Controllers—of whom there are apparently four, Lord Devonport, Captain Bathurst, Mr Prothero, and the brewers—have up to now made every German mistake that they possibly could make, together with a few of their own.—New Statesman.

Teddy.

It's "Teddy this" and "Teddy that," an' "Teddy, 'ow's yer soul?"
But it's "Way for Mr Roosevelt!" when the country's in a hole;
When the nation's in a hole, my friends, and the war cloud's rising black,
Then it's "Room for Colonel Roosevelt!" for ever Teddy's coming back.
It's "Traitor to his party," and it's "Not the people's choice,"
But it's "Citizen and patriot" when they hear the cannon's voice;
When they scent the smoke of battle, boys, and need a million men,
It's "Rah for General Roosevelt!"—and who's the "traitor" then?
—Chicago Tribune.

HAIG'S FOOTING IN THE HINDENBURG LINE.

SPLENDID SUCCESS OF LATEST BRITISH OFFENSIVE.

BY GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

SOMEONE who clearly does not appreciate the elements of naval strategy has characterised the present phase of the struggle on the Western front as an effort on the part of the British Army to win the war before the navy loses it.

Happily that is very far from being the position; but if it were, the progress Sir Douglas Haig has made during the last few days might well occasion uneasiness to the enemy's higher command.

Sir Douglas Haig during the week has launched another offensive, the fourth since the first great push which swept down the barrier of the Vimy Ridge. That barrier was regarded by Von Hindenburg as a basion which would preserve his new line in the north from Drocourt to Queant free from all attacks until such time as its defences were completed.

The capture of the Vimy Ridge altered the situation entirely. Von Hindenburg was faced with the possibility of a wedge being driven in between his armies in Belgium and the north and his armies operating south of Lens. At all costs this risk had to be avoided.

A new line, in the form of a rough semi-circle, was thrown up, running through Mericourt, Acheville, and Oppy. In defence of this line division after division was flung into the furnace to hold up the British advance.

Previous to the offensive which was started on Thursday this was the line in front of which our armies stood. Now it has been definitely pierced. That is the meaning of the capture of the village of Fresnoy, which lies to the east of these temporary German positions, and which stands in front of the main Hindenburg line running from Drocourt to Queant.

But the capture of Fresnoy does not complete the tale of Sir Douglas Haig's success. Further to the south we have obtained a footing in the famous Hindenburg line itself. At Bullecourt, immediately to the north of Queant, our men have penetrated into the German main trenches. This is the position at the moment of writing.

Needless to say, the Germans are making desperate efforts to retrieve the position and to drive us out of the positions won. Counter-offensive after counter-offensive is being launched, and the struggle sways backwards and forwards.

Prisoners Not the Real Test of Success.

But what we have we hold. The Germans have gained some successes in the centre between Fresnoy and Bullecourt, but at Fresnoy itself we have maintained our positions, and so far from causing us to relax our hold on the main Hindenburg line at Bullecourt Sir Douglas Haig is able to report that we are bombing our way eastwards along the enemy's communication trenches. Needless to say, the progress made has still to be measured by yards rather than by miles.

We have taken nearly a thousand prisoners, but whatever Mr Lloyd George may say to the contrary the number of prisoners taken in fighting of this kind cannot be regarded as the real test of success. The picked troops Von Hindenburg is throwing into the threatened gap in his line are not the kind of men who surrender readily. They represent the finest fighting material that Germany has available, and the German soldier at his best is not a man who can be treated lightly. Any British soldier who has been through the mill on the Western front will tell you that, and it is a poor compliment to our achievements of our own men to underrate the fighting qualities of the enemy.

The real test is that despite the utmost efforts the Germans can oppose to us we continue to go forward; and in going forward we continue to inflict the most terrible casualties on the enemy. There is nothing more expensive in modern warfare than counter-offensives over ground not adapted for the purpose.

Lens and St Quentin.

What puzzles many people who follow the course of the war from day to day is the way there has been in ejecting the Germans from St Quentin and from Lens. It is known two or three weeks ago that we were fighting on the outskirts of both these towns, and the fall of both appeared to be imminent. Lens and St Quentin, however, are both big industrial centres.

There is no doubt that their capture could have been effected before now if the French and British had chosen to bring their heavy guns to bear upon them and raze their buildings to the ground. That Sir Douglas Haig and General Nivelle should prefer to hold their hands is natural enough, though the indications are that at Lens at least the Germans are themselves carrying out with fire and mines the destruction we hesitate to inflict by direct bombardment.

At the moment every street in Lens bristles with machine-guns, and infantry attack without artillery preparation is not to be thought of. In due course, when the process of encirclement is complete, we shall march into Lens almost without opposition, though it is probable enough that we shall find nothing but smouldering ruins awaiting us.

In the meantime Sir Douglas Haig is fighting his way along the Scarpe valley, and the Mericourt-Acheville-Oppy line has not been able to withstand our assaults any longer. This line represented the positions the Germans took up to oppose the British advance until their main defensive line between Drocourt and Queant was completed.

Relying on the Vimy bastion, the section between Queant and Drocourt was left to the last. When the Vimy Ridge was taken the natural course for Von Hindenburg to have pursued would have been to attempt the recapture of the position.

It is reported that he was persuaded of the hopelessness of this by a personal survey of the ground across which his troops would have had to attack. But the British had to be held up somehow until the Drocourt-Queant line was completed, and so division after division of the best troops that could be mustered were thrown in to defend the hastily improvised Mericourt-Acheville-Oppy line.

The Germans had, of course, no intention of remaining on this line, but they had orders not to relinquish it until their engineers should report that everything was in readiness for making a permanent stand further to the east.

As regards Von Hindenburg's southern flank, the French are again active along the Aisne and in Champagne, especially in Champagne. On this front, however, General Nivelle is attacking some of the most powerful positions on the entire Western front, and it remains to be seen whether he has sufficient reserves available to enable him to follow up the early and signal successes which he won.

But no one can doubt that Von Hindenburg's main anxiety is in the North. He may delay the British advance, but he has no guarantee that we will not blast our way through the new positions, as we have blasted our way through the old.

It was the defence of this temporary line or outpost which forced Von Hindenburg to make demands on his strategic reserve, but it was ill-suited for the purpose it was intended to serve.

This explains the frightful casualties the enemy has suffered. Von Hindenburg, in order to arrest the British advance, has been compelled to deliver violent counter-offensives on ground exceedingly unfavourable to himself. And Sir Douglas Haig did not exaggerate when he spoke of thousands of German dead lying on the ground in front of our positions.

The Weak Link.

The question may be asked how it comes about that Von Hindenburg left this weak link in the chain of his defences between Lens and Laon. The answer is that he never anticipated the fall of the Vimy Ridge. He relied on the maintenance of that bastion to protect the northern sectors of his line until it was completed.

Confident in the ability of Prince Rupprecht to hold on at Vimy, work was concentrated in the first instance on the line south of Cambrai, which consists of four distinct systems of trenches, which are understood to be in a forward condition.

Those who have fallen into the German trap of believing that the object of Sir Douglas Haig's tactics was a clean break through, would do well to ponder the speech which Lord Curzon made a day or two ago about the general position. What the Lord President of the Council had to say ought to provide a very useful corrective to the fantastic statements which had been circulated by the German official communiques, and which have even been accepted by some people in this country.

Lord Curzon, who is a member of the War Cabinet, and ought to know the position, if anyone does, stated definitely in the course of his speech that the British forces "have already more than attained the objective they set out to get." He pointed out, further, that the enemy are now on the defensive, not on the Western front alone, but on all their fronts. And it is very doubtful whether, in view of the losses he has suffered in front of Arras, Von Hindenburg will be able to assume the offensive once more. From time to time we have been told of great thrusts being prepared, first against this front and then against another front.

The possibility that Von Hindenburg would find all his plans upset by the Allies wresting the initiative from him was pointed out in these columns some time ago. Whether Von Hindenburg intended to strike against Russia, against Italy, or, as some believed, against some point on the Western front, is a question which will probably never be answered officially until the secret history of these times comes to be written.

But we know enough already to see that any plans which the Germans may have in contemplation must have been rudely disturbed, and very possibly have been utterly destroyed, by the demands Von Hindenburg has been forced to make on his strategic reserves in order to hold up the British advance east of Arras. They have, as Lord Curzon said, been compelled to fight in the open, and they have been forced to use the greater part of the divisions they had kept in reserve for their great coup in order to prevent disaster befalling their whole line on the Western front. We are only at the beginning of May, but already we have made progress greater than anyone believed was possible, and, with the help of our Allies south of St Quentin, have captured during these first weeks of the offensive over forty thousand prisoners and over four hundred guns.

HUNS AFRAID OF INVASION.

SPURRING THE WANING GERMAN PATRIOTS.

AUDACIOUS CLAIM TO "A CLEAN CONSCIENCE."

(Specially Contributed.)

To spur the waning patriotism of the hungry Hun munitioneers the German press publish eloquent pictures of the terrors of the invasion of the Fatherland by the Allies.

The Hamburger Zeitung is particularly dramatic:—"A broad band of desert land stretches over the whole of France from the sea to the Vosges mountains; thousands of villages and towns lie in ashes and ruins, struck by the fury of war. During the last few weeks we have been compelled to widen this stretch of horrors. Only let the French, after crossing this desert, once break through into Germany's fair counties with their hearts full of still-unquenched retribution for 1870 and fierce revenge for the destruction of the present war, and they will kill and slaughter in a way hitherto unknown in history. The rationing of foodstuffs which you complain of will certainly cease then—in fact, the food will cease as well."

Going on to speak of the lust for plunder of the French and British, they unblushingly declare:—"We have a clean conscience in this respect. We leave the goods and chattels of the inhabitants of the conquered villages unmolested and unharmed."

Admiration for British Method.

I was rather amused the other day to notice in the Berliner Tageblatt, sandwiched in between lurid abuse of Britain and her Allies, a little paragraph which goes to show that, try as he may, the Hun cannot help admiring British system and method.

Speaking of the great waste of time which is occasioned at the Berlin Underground and Suburban Railways, the writer remarks—"Passengers simply saunter in and out of these trains. With the present lack of other conveyances these railways are very crowded, and owing to the evident inability of the German citizen to save time, the trains are constantly very late.

"Anyone who knows conditions in London is aware that the trains, and even motor omnibuses are run with much greater dispatch than here. In London the conductors (now lady conductors) have no need to continually remind passengers to hurry. The public has cut down delay at the stations to a minimum, and they know that if they don't hurry the train will leave without them. In spite of this, statistics show that no more accidents occur in London, through passengers entering and alighting from trains, than any other where.

How Hindenburg Lives.

One of our correspondents, who has repeatedly had the opportunity of meeting Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, has sent us a few details of how the great man spends his day.

About 8.30 a.m Hindenburg goes to the head staff office, and remains there until 1.30 p.m. After a short rest for dinner he works again from 3.30 p.m. to seven o'clock, and then again from 9.30—11 p.m. His energy and vigour seem to grow with his work and his responsibility, and his strong physique does not even compel him to the careful mode of living which people of sixty-nine years of age often find necessary. The favourite sport of the Field-Marshal is game shooting, and he indulges in it whenever he can manage to take a few days' leave.—Hamburger Fremdenblatt.

Another Oliver Cromwell.

The Frankfurter Zeitung is growing venemous with regard to Mr Lloyd George. They effect to see in him "another Oliver Cromwell, who already feels himself Britain's protector, and is only waiting his chance until King George is deposed to show himself in his true colours."

Serious Strikes in Leipzig.

It is not alone in Berlin that strikes of every class of workm[illegible] are continually breaking out. In other [illegible] content is just as rampa[illegible] serious strikes are repo[illegible]

BLACK WATCH OFFICER DIES OF WOUNDS.

Second-Lieutenant Alexander Douglas Stuart Gowans, Black Watch, who has died of wounds, was the only son of John Stuart Gowans, C.A., 43 Polwarth Terrace, Edinburgh. He was twenty-one years of age, was educated at the Edinburgh Academy, and was in his father's office. He returned to the front a few months ago after recovering from previous wounds. Being of a particularly bright and lovable disposition, he will be greatly missed by his numerous friends.

RIGHTEOUS REPRISALS.

TO PROTECT OUR WOUNDED AND NURSES.

BY DURWARD MACLEOD.

(EXCLUSIVELY CONTRIBUTED TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, the Free Church Council, a small company of ministers hailing from other denominations, a coterie of aristocrats, and not a few commoners are holding their hands aloft in holy horror because of the reprisals which our able military leaders, not forgetting those of our gallant Allies, have seen fit to inflict upon a cruel and blood-guilty nation.

"The aerial raid upon Freiburg has stained the bright escutcheon of British honour," is the cry that emanates from the pained souls of those distinguished gentlemen. "A large body of Christian opinion in this country viewed the measures of reprisals with grave disapproval," declared the Archbishop in the House of Lords, and Sir Edward Clarke, in a published letter, regretfully remarks—"Surely our gallant airmen are worthy of better employment than dropping bombs on defenceless citizens. And it is hard that the glorious memories of this great war should be smirched by one act of dishonour."

Probably no greater insult was ever flung in the teeth of the men responsible for the destinies of the British Empire.

Let it be borne in mind that the Freiburg affair was not the sequel to a hasty decision arrived at by one man. On the contrary, it was the unanimous judgment, not only of the British War Cabinet, but also of the Imperial War Cabinet and the French Government. Moreover, the Huns were warned that, if they put into execution their threat to sink our hospital ships, reprisals would follow. This information was published broadcast throughout the world several weeks prior to the day when our brave wounded and their heroic nurses were foully murdered in the English Channel.

Both Earl Curzon and Viscount Milner, in replying to the critics of the Government policy, laid emphasis on the fact that only after prolonged and grave consideration had it been finally agreed to present the Germans with a mouthful of their own medicine. Not by way of revenge, be it noted, but as the sole feasible method which might act as a deterrent upon a war-mad, barbarous foe.

I make bold to question whether any man in the Empire more sincerely regretted this step than did Sir Douglas Haig. And his natural repugnance must certainly have been shared by Jellicoe, Joffre, and Nivelle. But what other path could they have pursued?

The Honour of Empire.

A vast and frequently impassable gulf separates destructive from constructive criticism; and of the latter the noble Archbishop and his friends display not a fragment. "Let us grin and bear it as best we can" is their pitiful suggestion.

We are to stand idly by while our wounded, helpless heroes, who self-sacrificingly shed their blood on our behalf, are callously attacked and sent to their graves in the mud of the sea! We must remain calmly quiescent while some of the noblest women of our race are hurled into eternity by the willing minions of a moral degenerate—the bombastic, sacrilegious owner of a hate-filled heart! Perish the thought!

To what extent the self-appointed guardians of the Empire's honour are prepared to support this altruistic plan of shameful inaction I do not profess to know; nor is it a subject of vital importance.

The honour of the Empire—forsooth! In whose keeping does it lie? Does it rest alone with the Archbishop of Canterbury and those who share his views on this question? Or does it rest with the officers and men of our matchless army and invincible navy? A superfluous question, is it not? The honour and glory of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen—or is ever likely to see—could not possibly rest in safer, cleaner hands than those now entrusted with the task of wielding the remorseless, unerring sword of justice that shall some day soon, please God, exact a full and memorable penalty for the revolting crimes of the German soldiers and their applauding, enthusiastic accessories—the German people.

There are those who will glibly tell you that all this evil was wrought by the German soldiery, and that the poor deluded, peace-loving citizens of the Fatherland are blameless and deserving of pity rather than censure—crushed as they are under the iron heel of Prussian militarism.

Nevertheless a few days ago the members of the Reichstag almost convulsed themselves with mingled laughter and indignation at President Wilson's attempt to remove the onus of responsibility from the shoulders of the "kultured" masses. They stigmatised it as a base and treacherous endeavour to sow discord between the Kaiser and his admiring subjects, and they boldly, proudly, and truthfully averred that whatever had been done by the German war machine had met with the zealous and whole-hearted approval of the vast bulk of the German nation.

I can lay claim to some personal knowledge of the Teutonic character. A sojourn of several years in the United States frequently brought me into close and undesired contact with Fritz. At the outbreak of war I was in the city of Milwaukee, where I remained until the autumn of 1915. When the Lusitania was torpedoed the exuberant joy exhibited by the Schultzs and the Schmidts created within me not the faintest sensation of surprise. I knew my man. I was aware that, despite all his vaunted education and powers of scientific research, only the thin veneer of civilisation concealed from view the indelible, inherent marks of his savage, brutal ancestry. For the mind of the Hun is a cesspool of infiate, inhuman cruelty—a cesspool whose loathsome contents erupt and become uncontrollable with the advent of opportunity, even in its flimsiest and most unwarranted form.

Reprisals are Righteous.

Reprisals are right because they furnish the only method of procedure by which we may hope to protect our wounded and our nurses from future disaster. I cordially endorse the statement made by Earl Curzon that "the Germans appear to be peculiarly open to the argument of reprisals. They readily and almost gladly apply to others treatment which makes them squeal like babies if there is any thought of applying it to themselves."

Therein is contained the quintessence of this grave and weighty matter.

It may come as news to the horror-stricken opponents of retaliation to learn that at the time when Russian, French, and British prisoners of war in Germany were suffering abominable treatment at the hands of their captors, both Russia and France brought the apostles of "kultur" sharply to their senses by the employment of retaliatory measures. And it was probably the fear of what might happen to the sailor son of Von Tirpitz that saved the life of Captain Blaikie, and prevented him from sharing the fate of Captain Fryatt.

"But those prisoners were combatants, and their status different from that of unoffending civilians," it may be alleged. True, but in such a business one must act consistently and adhere to the rule that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

To-day the question is one that affects our wounded men and equally non-combatant nurses. It is therefore appropriate that reprisals should fall upon German non-combatants.

A Final Resource.

Let me reiterate that, so far as we are concerned, this system of retaliation is a final resource to which we have been sorrowfully driven in the hope that it may serve to protect those to whom we assuredly owe protection. It is not an attempt to enter into competition with the Germans in the promulgation of barbarity. God forbid!

The outburst against reprisals has a hypocritical ring about it, and smacks of self-delusion. The British bulldog is not a frightened, palpitating rabbit, nor does the heart of a timorous mouse inhabit the body of the British lion.

We want to fight clean, no nation more so. Yet we had perforce to follow the example of the devilish enemy, and employ poison gas. The gloves have slowly but inevitably been removed, and it is now a bitter, relentless fight to the death against a putrescent, soulless Empire.

The innocent victims! No war was ever fought without them. Their dead bodies bestrew the plains of Flanders, and they rest in the depths of the world's seven seas. Our blockade of Hunland brings its toll, and every man who falls on a stricken field, be he friend or foe, husband or father, lover or son, means tears and heavy sorrow to the loved ones left behind.

Finally, this is no ordinary war. The fate of civilisation—indeed, the whole future of life on earth, hangs in the balance. The rules that governed past conflicts have been thrown into the discard. Compared with this stupendous Armageddon some of the circles described in Dante's "Inferno" might easily appear both inviting and comfortable. And, that being so, we cannot afford to be finical in our efforts to rid the globe of the greatest curse by which it was ever afflicted—the curse of Prussian military despotism and the German gospel which holds that "might is right."

P.O. WORKERS' WAR BONUS.

Bath, Saturday.

The National Joint Committee of all the postal telegraphs societies in Great Britain are in conference at Matlock, Bath, to-day. The sitting is in camera, but Mr Mulholland, the general secretary, stated to the press—"We have accepted the new scale of war bonuses granted this week by the Arbitration Board. It was practically what we had asked for." Further he said—"We are not at present considering a further demand for increases of pay."

CAN YOU DO WITH A LITTLE LESS?

AN APPEAL FROM THE FRONT.

We have lain in the frozen mud o' nights,
While the fitful star-shell flared.
We have crouched in the dugouts underneath,
And talked of home, with chattering teeth,
Wondering how you fared.

We have won o'er the waste of "No Man's Land,"
And broken their front line through,
Followed barrage and curtain fire,
Hacking a way 'mid the cruel wire,
And we did it all for you.

We are using the shells you send us out;
My faith! we are speeding them well;
Blessing the hands that feed the guns,
Barking defiance to the Huns,
With never a breathing spell.

And how does it go with you at home?
We read of the U boats' toll,
And are doing our best to pull you through;
But now it seems it is up to you
To help us to win the goal.

We go without much in the front line trench,
Can you do with a little less bread?
Can you hold on now with iron will,
While we put "paid" to the Huns' long bill,
And avenge our honoured dead?

Rumour we hear—but rumour lies;
We know that our kith and kin,
Body and soul, and heart and hand,
Are one with us for the Motherland,
Aught else were the Judas sin.

CHAS. NESS.

THE SECRET SUBMARINE

By RIDGWELL CULLUM.

An After the War Story Called by the Author "The Men Who Wrought."

Vita listens to Von Salzinger's plan to save her father from death. (A scene from a future instalment.)

The Beginning of the Story.

Prince Stanislaus Hertzwohl, who perfected the German submarine, gives away the secret of a big submersible to

Ruxton Farlow, a young British Cabinet Minister. Farlow accepts the inventor's offer of a trip on board the constructed vessel, and is shown Germany's great secret arsenal at Borga. The Prince introduces Ruxton as his nephew, "Von Bersac," to Von Salzinger, the military governor of Borga.

Von Salzinger is sent on a private mission to London, and meets Vita, the Prince's daughter, with whom he is in love. Vita discovers that Von Salzinger suspects the loyalty of her father and his association with Ruxton Farlow.

Ruxton has induced his father and the Government to construct big submersibles according to the Prince's plans. Finding that he is being kept under surveillance, the Prince makes his escape from Germany by submarine, and Ruxton takes him to the shelter of his father's home.

Vita is traced to Redwithy Farm by Von Salzinger and Von Berger, and the latter tells Vita that she will have to face a penalty for her treachery similar to that which awaits her father, namely—death.

"And the alternative? I suppose there is an alternative?" Vita exclaims.

"There Is No Alternative!"

"A DEATH sentence so pronounced is generally inspired by an all-important alternative," Vita said, as she faced Von Berger. "Do you desire me to betray my friends? Do you desire me to hand my father over to execution? Do you desire me to tell you where the secrets you desire to discover are bestowed? Do you desire me to assist you to restore to your country the cruel means with which you hope to crush the heart of humanity some time in the future? Let me hear it all, the whole depth to which you desire to force me to descend. I have always wondered at the possible profundity to which the Prussian mind can descend in its lack of human understanding. Well, Prince, you had better say all you have to say now. For after this I shall claim the privilege of every condemned person to pass out of the world in peace." Then her contemptuous smile deepened. "But perhaps I am to be denied that privilege. Perhaps there is no such privilege in the Prussian code. Perhaps I am to be placed upon the rack, and tortured until I confess. I feel it would only be a fitting outcome of the Kultur to which your countrymen have risen. I am waiting to hear anything further you have to say."

It would have been impossible to tell from the man's attitude the effect of these words. Not a muscle of his face stirred. His regard remained coldly contemplative.

"There is no alternative," he said. "Your crime admits of none. We place no value upon any information you could give us. Our means are perfect for obtaining it ourselves. To prove it I can assure you of things which perhaps you do not know yourself. The plans which your friends stole are even now in the yards at Dorby in Yorkshire. The construction of submersible vessels is going on under Admiralty supervision and protection, a matter carefully arranged by your lover, Ruxton Farlow. Your father is at Dorby, and his private submersible is moored in an inner dock at Farlow, Son, & Farlow's yards. These are all facts that you may be aware of, but there are others which you certainly are not. One of them is that these constructions are about to be destroyed by explosion, and the plans too. Later on there will be further developments. As for the torture you suggest, that, too, is unnecessary. I have yet to learn of a greater torture which a young, rich, and beautiful woman can endure than the thought of being torn from the arms of the hero whom she has foolishly permitted herself to worship. There can be nothing more painful to her than to contemplate in her last moments the happiness which she is denied being enjoyed by some other woman when her own penalty has been paid. My reasoning is only a man's, but——"

"A devil's!"

Vita's calm had deserted her. Horror and loathing struggled for place in her wide shining eyes.

The man looked on unmoved.

"As you will, Princess" he said, with that curious flicker of the eyelids. "But now, since I have completed the business of my visit, I will relieve you of my obnoxious presence. When the time comes you will be given half an hour to prepare yourself for the execution of your sentence."

He moved away. The shadows of the room swallowed him up. Then, a moment later, Vita heard the door close behind him.

Enemy Movements.

Ruxton's return to town from Dorby was made by special train in the middle of the night. It had been inspired by an irresistible impulse, born of an apprehension which his great love for Vita inspired.

Prince von Hertzwohl had only sheltered one night under the roof of Dorby Towers. Sir Andrew had been urgent that he should remain his guest indefinitely, feeling that the safety of an Englishman's home was the best of all havens for this large, simple-minded Pole. But Vita's father proved something of his daughter's estimate of him. His gratitude and thanks had been sincere and cordial, but he displayed an understanding of the situation which astonished his hosts, and a decision that resisted all appeal.

"Dear friends," he had urged, "it cannot be. It is a joy to me, so great, to feel the warm shelter of your perfect English home. I love the parks, the wide moor, the white cliffs. But I love more than all the generosity and kindliness of your friendship. But you do not yet grasp what all this means. These people will have my life, and your locks and bars will be no obstacle to their Secret Service. They will get me here, as they would get me in their own country. Nor can we say what danger I might not expose you to. No, my course is quite simple. I will show you to-night."

Father and son were reluctantly forced to acquiesce.

That night, after dinner, the shrewdness of Vita's father was displayed. He departed to his bedroom, and an hour later he reappeared in the smoking-room.

The metamorphosis was perfect. An unkempt individual, lean, dirty, and slouching, entered the room and made its way to the fire. His beard and moustache were gone, and he was clad in the greasy clothes and discoloured overalls of a riverside mechanic. The disguise was so perfect that only with the greatest difficulty both father and son were able to recognise him. Later on he left the house, and set out for the town of Dorby. It was his purpose to lose himself amongst the thousands of workers who peopled the waterside, and so, while keeping in touch with Dorby Towers, completely sink his identity. Nor was it until after profound consideration that Ruxton and his father realised the wonderful but simple astuteness of the man's move.

It was the second night following this event that Ruxton's own resolve was arrived at. It was over forty-eight hours since he had despatched his telegram to Vita telling her of her father's arrival and safety. He should have received a reply in under six hours. No reply, however, had been forthcoming.

At first Ruxton had been patient. There had been much to occupy him of an important nature at the shipyards. He had had little time to think of anything else. The constructions were steadily growing under the energetic hands of his engineers and marine architects. Already the promise of the future was taking definite shape. The work, pressed on at his urging, was proceeding apace. Already the completed outlines of two of the hulls filled twin slipways. His enthusiasm was growing with the rapidity of a man of keen imagination. His dreams were becoming real, tangible. The experiment was full of a promise which weeks ago had no place in his almost despairing regard of the future.

But at night there was less occupation for his mind, and inevitably his thought flew at once to the woman who had opened out to him the radiant possibilities of his future. No reply had reached him on that first night, and he began to feel uneasy. He mentioned the matter to his father with marked unconcern. The shrewd Yorkshire eyes which regarded him were blandly uncurious.

"Did you word it for reply?" he inquired, glancing up from the pictorial periodical he was looking at.

Ruxton had not worded it particularly so, he assured him, with a glance of trouble in his dark eyes.

Then the old man went on with his paper.

"I shouldn't worry about it," he said calmly. "It must have been delivered, or it would have been returned to you."

But the assurance was without effect upon the lover. He said no more then, but at dinner the following evening his anxiety would no longer be denied.

The butler had withdrawn. Ruxton had been unusually disinclined to talk during the meal. The keen brain of his father had summed up the reason to a fraction, but with quiet understanding he had waited for the unburdening which he knew would soon come.

It came as Ruxton, ignoring the dessert, sat back in his chair and lit a cigar.

"I've ordered a special train for town, dad. I can't stand the suspense any longer."

"You mean—the answer to your message." Sir Andrew made no attempt to misunderstand him. "But where is the suspense? It was a message of—his arrival, I understand. The answer was optional."

"Optional? Ah, you don't understand." Just for a moment the trouble seemed to pass out of the younger man's eyes. He was contemplating the wonderful love which had come to him. He breathed a deep sigh. "Look here, dad, what would you have felt like—you know, say just before you married my mother, if you sent her an urgent message by wire and received no reply? Why, in the past twenty-four hours you'd have been driving in a stage coach, or something equally slow, to find out the reason, if I know anything. There are a dozen things I could have done. I could have kept the wires humming incessantly—but for possibilities. Those possibilities have restrained me. But now I can wait no longer. I must see Vita myself and assure myself that nothing is—wrong. Dad, it's the whole world to me. I can't wait any longer. I love her, and I am going to marry her. That's where the suspense lies."

"That's how I supposed," Sir Andrew nodded, his shrewd eyes twinkling. "One has to endure many anxious moments under such circumstances. I have known them myself. You leave at——"

"Three a.m."

The old man nodded.

"I've not met her yet, boy," he said kindly, "though," he added slyly, "I seem as if I did know her. You see, you've spoken of her a lot. Well, if she's half the woman you have told me she is I congratulate you heartily. Somehow, boy, I feel sure she is. Yes, it is as well to go—with possibilities hanging over us all."

He rose from the table and held out his hand as Ruxton followed his example.

"The very best of luck, boy, and—will you give her my love? You can leave the work here in my hands."

The two men clasped hands with a vigour such as belonged to two strong natures, and then, as they moved off to the library, they fell to discussing those "possibilities" to which Ruxton had alluded.

Ruxton's anxiety was no mere impatience of a hot-headed lover. He had not permitted his imagination to distort things out of a real proportion. He knew that their Teutonic enemies were able to lay hands upon Vita if they decided upon such a course. And all too late he had realised that his message had been an indiscretion. Once having arrived at this realisation, the rest followed in painful sequence. If his message, though carefully worded, had fallen into enemy hands, the possibilities such an event opened up were illimitable.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning that he presented himself at the flat in Kensington.

On his way up the stairs he received his first shock. It was not less than an encounter with Mrs Jenkins on her way down then, garbed in her long outdoor ulster, such as all women of her class seem to possess, bearing under one arm an ominous-looking bundle.

He stopped her, or rather she provoked attention herself by a dry cough and a prolonged, moist sniff.

"You goin' up to 'er flat?" she demanded; "'cos if you are she ain't in."

There was a sort of defiant displeasure in her words that, to Ruxton, might have been just her natural form of address, or might not have been.

He paused, glanced down at her bundle, and finally regarded her severely.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"Don't see it's your bizness. Any'ow I'm goin' to do a bit o' shoppin'."

Then Ruxton adopted a high hand.

"Well, just come back upstairs a minute. Your shopping will keep. I want to speak to you on a matter of importance. Come along."

He moved on up the stairs, and Mrs Jenkins, used to obeying somebody at all times, followed him protestingly.

"I don't see I got no right any'ow. But wot with her bein' away, and stoppin' away, and me 'avin' no food to eat, as you might say, an' my wages overdo, an' the bills unpaid, I don't know, I'm sure. Maybe you got my wages with you, bein' a friend of 'ers?"

But Ruxton offered no explanation until they reached the flat and the door of it was securely shut behind them. Then he turned upon her with a forcefulness that reduced her to the necessary condition for giving all the information he needed with the least superfluous verbiage.

"Look here, Mrs Jenkins, I just want a few straight answers to a few plain questions. Remember, the matters I'm going to question you on are of vital importance—very vital importance. I just want plain truth and nothing else."

"Truth! You'll say I'm lying next. Wot d'yer want to know? My motter is allus tell the truth an' shame the devil."

"Yes, yes, that's all right. Where's your mistress?"

The woman sniffed, while she eyed him distrustfully.

"Dunno. Ain't see 'er since you was 'ere last."

"When did you expect her?"

"Why, next day, of course. She allus come 'ere every day 'less she sed. 'Sides, my wages was due next day, an' there's the 'ousekeepin' money. I ain't got neither. I writ 'er to 'er home, but ain't had no answer. I got to eat, an' I ain't got nothin' t' eat in the place, so I was just goin' to slip round with a pair o' blankets an' get a loan. Y'see I didn't know wot to do, an' I tho't——" She broke off with a fresh sniff.

Ruxton produced some money and handed her two sovereigns.

"There, that'll keep you going. Now, all I want from you are these facts. You haven't seen her since I was here, and you expected her next day. You wrote to her and received no reply. The last time you saw her she was leaving for her—home. That so?"

The woman nodded and sniffed.

"Yes, sir." The gold had impressed her.

"Very well. Now I want you to keep on here as if nothing had happened. You shall have your money regularly. Look after your mistress' things carefully, and if anyone calls here, and visitors, men, or—or strangers, let me know. There, that card will give you my address. If I'm not there my secretary will take any message for me. I'm afraid some accident must have happened to your mistress. I am going to find out with the help of the—police. Do you understand? Whatever you do, don't talk."

By the time he had finished the poor woman was thoroughly alarmed, and showed it.

"My, sir, I do 'ope nothin' 'as 'appened serious-like. She was allus a venturesome one, as you might say, goin' about, an' I allus was a-tellin' of 'er——"

"Yes, yes; that's all right. The thing is, I've got to find out. Now, you see and do as I have said, and your mistress will thank you. Nor shall I forget. Remember, if anyone calls for her, get their names and remember their faces, and—don't talk."

He hurried away, and passed down the uninviting stairs at a run. Two minutes later he was in a taxi, driving at a break-neck speed for Smith Square.

Arrived there, he ordered his own car, and, while awaiting its arrival, gave a string of instructions to Heathcote. Within another twenty minutes he was in his car, threading his way through the London traffic with the reckless inconsequence only to be found in an ex-naval chauffeur urged by an equally reckless employer.

A nightmare of apprehension pursued Ruxton over the switchback Oxford road. With a mind clear and incisive he had thought at almost electric speed, and planned the course to be pursued. In his brief twenty minutes with his secretary he had carefully detailed all his requirements. Now he could only lie back in his car, while the sailor man, driving him, obeyed the reckless instincts which have made him and his comrades a byword for devotion. Ruxton demanded speed, and the keen-eyed chauffeur gave it him.

But to Ruxton the speed was a snail gait, and it seemed to him, on that brief journey to Wednesford, that he lived through centuries of despairing anxiety and doubts. Had these devils got at Vita? The burden of his cry was based on all the experiences of the late war. Yet what could they do? What would they dare do, here in England? He tried to reassure himself. But it was a vain attempt. He knew, only too well, the ruthless audacity of these people. Then he blamed himself that he had not insisted that Vita should have abandoned her home in Buckinghamshire when she first told him of Von Salzinger's visit. Was not that sufficient warning for any sane mind? Did it not clearly prove that Vita was watched? And, if she were watched, did it not point the purpose in the Teutonic mind to act if it suited it? Of course it did. He was to blame, seriously to blame—if anything had happened to her. He remembered Vassilitz and the inspiration his doings had awakened in him. He must have been mad not to think further—mad or incompetent.

So his feverish imagination ran on and tortured him as no other anxiety could have tortured him. And then came the relief of further action.

He reached Wednesford all too soon for his sailorman, who would have infinitely preferred continuing his reckless journey to Land's End and then—back again. However, he drew up at the police station of the little old market town in a perfectly decorous fashion. The local chief was awaiting the car, and Ruxton was conducted promptly to that officer's private room.

The chief superintendent was a florid-faced, bulldog-looking man of about forty, vigorous, alert, but possessing no outward sign of particular mentality.

"I received the telephone message, sir," he said at once, "and acted upon it. I sent a plain-clothes man out to Redwithy with instructions to ascertain if Madame Vladimir was at her residence, and, if not, to ascertain if possible something of her recent movements. The man should return now at any moment." He pulled out his watch and made a rough calculation. "Yes, he is quite due now. Would you care to give me more intimate particulars?"

To find himself dealing with a Cabinet Minister in matters of his own department was a little overwhelming to Chief Superintendent Reach, but he saw in it a possibility of advancement, and was ready to surpass himself in his efforts. But Ruxton saw no advantage in laying the inner details of the matter before the local police.

"For the moment nothing more is needed than the simple local information," he replied. "On that depends all future movements. I will tell you this, however. Apart from my personal interest in the matter, there is certain political significance in it of a very important nature. More than that I cannot say until your man——"

The whistle of the tube on the officer's desk interrupted him.

"That's our man, sir," beamed Superintendent Reach, more than satisfied at the opportuneness of the interruption. "Excuse me, sir," he added, and listened at the tube.

"Ah, yes. Send him up here at once," he called through it. Then, glancing at his visitor, he observed ungrammatically, "It's him, sir."

A moment later a brisk plain-clothes man entered the room.

"Well?" demanded his chief sharply.

"The lady's been away about three days, sir," he said, with the stolidity of a policeman giving evidence. "Couldn't tell me when she'd be back. Hadn't left any instructions about the heating apparatus for the new peach-house she is having built. The butler believed the firm who were constructing the house were to put in the plant. He said she left after tea with her maid and luggage for a journey in a motor. Not her own car. He thought it must have been one she hired from Wednesford. I have been round the garages, but no one from Redwithy has hired a car. That's why I am l

Th Ruxton, who was eagerly intent upon the man's information

"I sent him"—indicating the plain-clothes man—"as a heating expert from a well-known horticultural firm."

Ruxton nodded.

"You saw the butler—a foreigner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you gather an—impression from him?"

"He seemed straightforward and quite ready to talk, sir. I'm sure he knew nothing more, and seemed to believe what he said."

"There's nothing else?"

"No, sir, I think not. The place seemed all reg'lar. You see, sir, I've often 'ad to keep an eye on it when the lady's been away holiday-makin', and during the war. You see, she's a foreigner. So I know it pretty well, though it don't know me. One thing that struck me he was speaking the truth was there was a tidy bunch of letters on the hall table. Might have been an accumulation."

"Letters—ah." Ruxton turned to the chief. "I think you'd better come with me and look into things. Those letters. There should be an important telegram there if——"

He rose from his chair with a sickening fear at his heart. The chief dismissed his subordinate and waited for Ruxton to complete his remark. But as no completion was forthcoming he attempted one himself.

"If there's been no trickery, sir."

"If she went away of her own free will that's what we've got to find out. Come along."

Half an hour later Ruxton was addressing himself to the black-haired, sallow-faced Vassilitz, who was urbanity itself in the face of the chief of the Wednesford police.

His story was exactly the same as he had told to the plain-clothes man, and no amount of cross-examination could elicit the smallest shadow of contradiction.

Madame was frequently in the habit of going away suddenly and remaining away indefinite periods. But usually she used her own car, and rarely took her maid. Sometimes she said when she would be back, sometimes not. On this occasion she did not. No, she was unaccompanied except for her maid, Francella, Vassilitz's own sister. And she, Francella, had given him no information. Madame was very secret in her movements. Doubtless madame would return in due course, as she had always done.

Even the matter of letters in no way disconcerted him. They were all there on the hall table. But he appealed to the chief of police for authority to show them.

The chief assumed the responsibility, and they were produced.

They were examined carefully, and all but one telegram were duly handed back to the butler. The telegram was sequestered by the officer, but remained unopened.

There was nothing more to be gained from Vassilitz, and the car rolled away. And as they went, Ruxton, in an agony of painful conviction, gazed sombrely back at the beautiful old Elizabethan structure in its perfect setting, which was the home of the woman he loved.

He was aroused from his despairing contemplation by the voice of the officer beside him.

"There's trickery afoot, sir," he said emphatically, "and I'll lay a month's salary that black-haired Vassilitz is in it."

Ruxton turned sharply.

"What makes you so convinced?" he inquired thickly.

"Why, the letters. Every one of 'em has been opened. So has this telegram. Didn't you twig it, sir?"

Ruxton confessed his oversight, and the officer beamed pleasant satisfaction.

"That's where experience comes in, sir," he went on. "There never was a system of opening letters that couldn't be detected by those who know. I've made a study of it. Those letters have all been opened—all of 'em. What about this telegram, sir?"

"If it's mine, then the Princess has not left of her own free will. I'm afraid it's mine."

"Princess, sir?"

"Yes. She's the Princess von Hertzwohl."

The officer's face had become a study. He was impressed more deeply than ever.

"Er—shall I open it, sir?" he hesitated.

Ruxton nodded.

"You may as well."

The man tore it open and glanced at the contents. A flush spread over his already florid cheeks.

"It's yours, sir," he said. Then he added in a low tone—"I'm—I'm sorry, sir."

For answer he suddenly felt a forceful clutch on his arm.

"The Princess has been kidnapped," cried Ruxton, in a voice deep with passionate intensity. "Do you understand? She was waiting at her house there for that message. Nothing but force would have caused her to leave it until she received that message."

Ruxton's extreme dejection on his return to town was changed abruptly into even greater alarm.

His secretary was nervously awaiting him. Nor could he restrain his impatience. Heathcote was in the hall when Ruxton's key turned in the lock. The young man held a long telegram in his hand, and flourished it towards his employer the moment the door closed.

"It's from Sir Andrew," he said. "There's trouble—trouble at Dorby."

Ruxton snatched at the ominous paper, and his eyes eagerly sought the boldly-written message.

"Explosion here at 6 a.m. Drawing offices completely wrecked. Serious fire. Certain departments damaged and had narrow escape complete destruction.—Farlow."

It was the second blow in a few hours. Ruxton was hard hit. He read into the message all the ominous facts which had been left unwritten.

But in a moment he had been roused out of himself. The loss of the woman he loved had left him stunned in a curious degree. He had been attacked thereby through the sensitive organism which controlled all that belonged to the emotional side of the human heart. A terrible weight of depression had overwhelmed him for the moment. Now it was different. Here was a tangible attack. Here was something that left his heart untouched, but roused instead all the human fighting instinct which had lain dormant within him.

"I must go to Dorby to-night," he said briefly. Then he added as he passed up stairs to his library—"Get on to Scotland Yard and put me through."

You will find another splendid instalment of this story next week. Do not miss it.

THE NERVOUS AGE.

Has the reader noticed how nervous people have become nowadays? A well-known physician says that half the patients who come to him in these times are nerve starved; and the disorder is growing commoner every month. Restlessness, disturbed sleep, and headaches, are only a part of what the patients suffer. The worst is their misery of mind. They cannot face the smallest difficulty. A slammed door tortures the raw nerves. Their minds are undecided, tempers irritable, courage and concentration all gone.

The worst of it is, said the doctor, that people in this condition are tempted to fly to drugs. Morphia, cocaine, opium, and similar things have an evil fascination. Others overfeed with fancy foods in the hope of building up their nerves.

The right way to treat starved nerves is to look to the blood, for a healthy, well-nourished blood-stream feeds the nerves, quickly restoring lost vitality and bringing the mind up to its old power. Dr Williams' pink pills for pale people owe their wonderful reputation to this power of making new blood—the only thing that will make healthy nerves.

FREE.—The effects of modern life upon the nerves are explained in "Nerves and their Needs," to be had free, with other matters to follow, if you send a postcard to Post Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.

SCOTTISH PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE

By Our Special Commissioner.

Sixty Years in One Regiment.

Lafayette

It may not be generally known that Lord Ruthven, who is almost an octogenarian, still continues to serve his country. His Lordship has an excellent record of military service. He took part in the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, fought in Abyssinia, and figured in the South African campaign. At present he is an officer in the Rifle Brigade, which he joined sixty years ago. When at home Lord Ruthven resides at Stonebridge, near Edinburgh, and also owns a picturesque mansion in Wexford.

Prominent Greenock War-Worker.

Miss Isabelle Kerr the war charities of Greenock have a most painstaking worker. She was the prime mover in a big jewellery sale on behalf of the Lord Kitchener Memorial Fund, which realised a handsome sum. Miss Kerr is the daughter of Mr Dan Kerr, for many years a prominent figure in Scottish cricket, while one of her brothers, Mr John Kerr, is the noted Greenock bat.

Honoured by the French.

Lafayette.

Caithness people hear with much pleasure that Major Sir Archibald Sinclair has been awarded the Croix de Chevalier. Major Sir Archibald Sinclair belongs to the Life Guards, and has been in the army since 1910. He is a keen sportsman, and has also given aviation a good deal of his spare time. Sir Archibald owns considerable property, Thurso Castle being the family seat.

Royalty at Deeside.

It is rumoured that Deeside is to be the holiday centre of some of our Royalty, for Abergeldie Castle is to be opened again this summer. Prince George and Prince John, the King's two younger sons, may spend most of their summer holidays at the Royal residence.

A Voyage in the Air.

His Grace the Duke of Argyll has been visiting his kilted lads at the front. That reminds me that he and his sister, Lady Elspeth Campbell, had a trip in a flying machine the other day. So fascinated was her Ladyship with the voyage through cloudland that she may repeat the flight with a practical object. It is the opinion of Lady Elspeth that women can even do their bit in aviation.

Naval Heroes Grandly Lodged.

I was privileged the other day to view the splendid arrangements which have been made for the comfort and welfare of the naval patients in Mount Stuart House, Rothesay, the beautiful Scottish seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of Bute. The grand hall, the beautiful drawing-room, with its exquisite oil paintings, its noble marble columns, and general air of stately grandeur, as well as the spacious dining-room, constitute the three wards. It is amid such comfort and inspiring surroundings, that our naval wounded are being brought back to a manly vigour in Mount Stuart House. And what probably adds to the sense of comfort on the part of the patients is that the Marquis and Marchioness bear the entire expense of running this naval hospital. Indeed, they even declined the Government grant of so much per head, and every penny of expense is borne by the Marquis and his popular lady.

Marchioness as Nurse.

I ascertained during my visit that her Ladyship's interest in our wounded heroes is no mere perfunctory one. Not only does the Marchioness evince a practical and personal interest in the comfort and welfare of the patients, but while in residence at Mount Stuart she takes her turn in the wards as an ordinary nurse. In addition to her labour of love as a trained nurse, her Ladyship is the active president and takes a personal interest in the Bute Branch of the British Red Cross, supervising the despatch of winter garments from the Bute work parties, the central depot of which is Mount Stuart House.

A Hint to Glasgow Folks

The lighter side of life among the patients is not neglected, and I am glad to say that the good folks of Rothesay do their best to cheer and entertain their naval heroes at intervals. A committee, of which Bailie G. G. Hill is secretary, looks after the entertainments held since the institution of the hospital, and from time to time cinema shows, as well as vocal and instrumental entertainments, are given to the men and the nurses. And I got the hint to invite, through the medium of the "Post Sunday Special," talented artistes from Glasgow and other parts who may be spending a holiday in Rothesay to offer their services and thus help to cheer up those men who have suffered for King and country.

A Glasgow Bride.

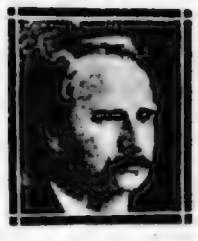
Lafayette.

Miss Dorothy, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Dunlop, Glasgow, who is to marry Mr J. C. Bruce Jones, lieutenant Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Forward Hall, Larbert.

A Celtic War Worker.

Mrs Mackinnon is the secretary of the Clan Mackinnon Society Ladies' Guild, the headquarters of which are in Glasgow. Branches of the Guild are to be found in London, Edinburgh, and Greenock, and about one thousand garments are distributed annually among necessitous people of the clan in the Highlands and Islands. Mrs Mackinnon acted as collector for Glasgow and district in connection with the Edinburgh Highland Feill. In a quiet way the genial wife of the traffic superintendent of the Glasgow Corporation Tramways has done much to bring cheer to our wounded soldiers.

Original Idea for Plotters.



Mr John Robertson, the well-known miners' agent, whose great triumph in raising £2300 with which to keep our brave soldiers copiously supplied with thick black tobacco, has been previously referred to in these columns, has now turned his energies and originality to "plotting." He has taken over ground formerly lying in lea from a Hamilton farmer, and this he is cultivating for vegetable-growing purposes. A donkey—for many years a pet with the Robertson family—draws a little hand-made plough, which was constructed by the versatile miners' agent. The ground is being rapidly prepared, and Mr Robertson pays high testimony to the industry of his donkey.

Gallant Gordon Highlander.

Captain Alan Duncan Bell Irving, of the Gordon Highlanders, who was awarded the Military Cross for gallantry and skill in attacking a hostile balloon and bringing it down in flames, and who was subsequently awarded a bar for great courage and skill while escorting a bombing raid, has now been awarded the French Croix de Guerre. While in Aberdeen he was a very popular officer.

Fifty-Five Years on the Railway.

A prominent figure on the Glasgow, Barrhead, and Kilmarnock Joint Line has just retired in the person of Mr Robert Young, who has completed 55 years' service with the company. He hails from the Bridge of Weir, entered railway work at the early age of 14, has passed through all grades of the service, and had the honour of opening the new station at Stewarton. Mr Young will spend the evening of his days at Dunoon.

Lady to Advise Inverness Farmers.

Miss Elsie Watt, Ardenslate House, Kirn, the daughter of Mr Harry A. Watt, M.P., has just been appointed co-operating officer for the Inverness area under the scheme for assisting farmers to increase the food production. Born at Kirn, and trained at the Edinburgh University College, she holds the diploma in agriculture. Miss Watt studied the theory and practice of cheese-making in Somerset and Reading, and wrought on farms in Bedfordshire and Bucks. Her knowledge of scientific farming has been applied with encouraging success on her father's Dumfries-shire estate. Few women have made a more intimate study of work on the land.

An Advocate of Domestic Economy.

Lafayette.

Mrs Macleod, who has been taking an active part in the food economy campaign in Glasgow, is the wife of the member for the Central Division of the city. Since the outbreak of war she has taken a great interest in the work of the Patriotic Food League, and has been working in the interests of cookery classes among the poorer people. These classes are designed to place the question of food economy on a practical basis.

Russian Award for Sheriff's Wife.

In recognition of her work on behalf of the Russian wounded, Mrs Macdiarmid, the wife of the Sheriff of Dumbartonshire, has been presented with the Insignia and Court Certificate, together with the Special Red award, instituted by the late Empress Alexandra Feodorovna. A flag day organised by Mrs Macdiarmid to provide a Helensburgh bed in the base hospital at Petrograd realised £104 7s. At present she is perfecting arrangements for a similar enterprise on behalf of the Navy League.

A Son of the People.

Highlanders at home and abroad have just reason to be proud of Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, who has been promoted to the rank of Brigadier-[illegible] in command of railway construction corps on the western front. General Stewart is a Gaelic-speaking Highlander, and one of the most popular Scotsmen in Canada, being a partner in one of the largest railway construction firms in the Dominion. Last year he raised a Construction Battalion in Canada. General Stewart some time ago bought his native parish of Assynt from the Duke of Sutherland. When visiting the north General Stewart never fails to call on old friends of his boyhood, for he is truly "one of the people" although occupying a lofty station.

Our portrait is of Mrs. MANLEY, of 8 Frome Road, Westbury Avenue, Wood Green, London, who writes:—

Thanks to 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' I have avoided another operation for diseased abscesses in the glands. Two years previous to taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' I had two operations, but all the swellings did not go down, and this year, owing to getting run down, again had them. I was under medical treatment, and would have had another operation; then my husband persuaded me to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I did so, and shall always be thankful I did. After the fifth day all the old places began to draw and tag as if there was still some matter left in them, and after five bottles I was quite cured. It is some time since I finished the last bottle, and I have had no return."

Clarke's Blood Mixture, by reason of its remarkable blood purifying properties, can be relied upon to give quick relief and lasting benefit in all cases of Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples, Sores and Eruptions, Piles, Glandular Swellings, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, &c. Thousands of truly wonderful cures stand to its credit. Pleasant to take, and free from anything injurious.

ASK FOR AND SEE YOU GET

Clarke'e Blood Mixture

"EVERYBODY'S BLOOD PURIFIER."

Of all Chemists and Stores, 2/9 per Bottle.

"GET IT AT ANDERSON'S"

HAIR DYE, in Auburn, Blonde, Brown, and Black Colours. SAFE and SPEEDY. Bots., 1/3 each.

HAIR RESTORER, Renews Grey or Faded Hair to its Natural Colour Gradually. Bots. each

HAIR DESTROYER, to Remove Superfluous Hair. Bots., 1/3 each.

JAMES ANDERSON'S DRUG STORES,

COMMERCIAL STREET, DUNDEE.

The Depot in Dundee for all Medicines at Wholesale Prices.

FREEMANS CUSTARD

There's nothing else quite so good.

DEVONSHIRE

RHEUMATISM-KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Rheumatism, backache, lumbago, sciatica, urinary trouble, stone, gravel, dropsy, the result of excessive uric acid. Estora Tablets, a specific based on modern medical ideas, are the successful treatment. 1/3 box of 40 tablets, or 6 for 6/9, all chemists, or post free from Estora Co., 132 Seven Cross Rd., London, W.C.

LEADING THEATRICAL LIGHTS IN SCOTLAND THIS WEEK.

(1) Sonia Seal at the King's Theatre, Dundee; (2) Dorothy Ward at the Alhambra, Glasgow; (3) Ann Coppinger, playing Peg in "Peg o' My Heart," at the King's Theatre, Glasgow; (4) Irene Miller at the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh; (5) Frank Lindo as Napoleon in "A Royal Divorce" at Her Majesty's Theatre, Dundee; (6) Norah O'Gorman in "As Irish as Ever" at the Coliseum, Glasgow.

Ex-Provost Orr, of Airdrie.

Ex-Provost John Orr, of Airdrie, the new chairman of the Congregational Union, is one of Lanarkshire's outstanding personalities. He has long been in the counsels of the Congregational Union, and at the annual meetings last week he gained the approbation of the assembly for his excellent methods in conducting public business. Ex-Provost Orr has just contributed £250 to the newly-instituted Central Fund of the Union.

Scots Peer's Appointment.

I learn that Lord Napier and Ettrick has obtained an appointment at the Ministry of Munitions. This Border peer was in the army in his youth, and shortly after the outbreak of war obtained a commission, which, owing to ill-health he had to relinquish. This, however, did not save him from being called up as a private soldier under the Military Service Act—in this respect a most democratic measure. At first he was rejected as medically unfit, but now Lord Napier has risen to the physical status of a B2 man. In view of his new appointment, he has received conditional exemption. Two years ago Lord Napier met with a serious accident, from the effects of which he still suffers.

COLISEUM, GLASGOW.
6.55—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.
"AS IRISH AS EVER."
Sequel to "IRISH AND PROUD OF IT."
By Wal Pink.
An All-Irish Cast, including
NORAH O'GORMAN, JOE O'GORMAN,
The ROYAL MERRY 4, MAFUZIANO MANCHE,
NIXON GREY, the Popular Comedian.
Box Office, 11 to — 6 to 9.30 p.m.
'Phones—South 250, Central 1601.

EMPIRE, GLASGOW.
6.45—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.0.
William Henshall presents
The Famous American Comedians,
SCOTT and WHALEY, in an Entirely New Burlesque, INTRODUCE ME.
Cast also includes Molly Dare, Harry Bailey, Clifford Barclay, Lew Kelsey,
40 Full Company of Artistes 40
Strong Variety Company (includes GILDAY & FOX).
MATINEE TUESDAY, 2.30.
Box Office, 10.30 to 5.30 and 6.30 to 9.30.
Phone 3751 Douglas.

LA SCALA, GLASGOW
MON., TUES., WED. 7th, 8th, 9th May.
"THE KISS."
Four Part Comedy Romance
"LASCA,"
Two-Part Thrilling Drama
THURS., FRI., SAT. 10th, 11th, 12th May.
"SELFISHNESS."
Five-Part Intense Drama
"MASSIVE MOVIE MERMAID."
Fastaff Comedy.
COMMENCING MONDAY, 7th May
Miss APRIL PENDARVIS
Brilliant Contralto

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, DUNDEE.
MONDAY, May 7th, for SIX NIGHTS, at 7 o'clock
W. W. KELLY'S GREAT ATTRACTION.
"A ROYAL DIVORCE."
Box Office Open Phone 1919

KING'S THEATRE, DUNDEE.
TWICE NIGHTLY, at 7 and 9
MONDAY, May 7, 1917
ELSIE SPAIN, late Prima Donna, D'Oyly Carte Co., London, and RANDELL JACKSON, the Eminent Baritone, in Musical Gems; TERRIS & ROMAINE, Violin and Piano Interludes; SONIA SEAL, the Unusual Girl; PAYNE & HILLIARD, in Modern Burlesque; and Full Variety Company
Box Office, 11 to 4, 6.15 to 10. Phone 1930.

LA SCALA, DUNDEE.
PHONE 384. 30 MURRAYGATE. DUNDEE.
ALL NEXT WEEK.
"SONS OF OUR EMPIRE."
PARTS 3 and 4.
SCOTLAND FOR EVER!
"THE BLACK WATCH."
MONDAY, for Three Days Only.
BLANCHE SWEET in
"THE DUPE."
THURSDAY, for Three Days Only.
Miss VALENTINE GRANT in
"THE DAUGHTER OF MACGREGOR."

SHAND'S PICTURE HOUSE.
SHEPHERD'S LOAN, DUNDEE.
MONDAY, TUES. and WED.
GRAND METRO WONDERPLAY,
"NOTORIOUS GALLACHER."
In 5 Acts.
THURS., FRI., and SAT.,
Miss ELLEN TERRY in
"HER GREATEST PERFORMANCE."
London Film, in 5 Reels.
Private Boxes, 5s 6d and 7s 6d.

VICTORIA, VICTORIA ROAD, DUNDEE.
Continuous, 7 to 10.30. Saturday, 7 and 8.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY.
JAMES MORRISON in
THE ALIBI.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY.
THE HYPOCRITES.
Featuring COURTENAY FOOTE.
Up-to-Date Topicals. Orchestral Music.

PALACE PLAYHOUSE
DUNDEE.
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE, 7-10.30.
THE FAMOUS B.B. PICTURES PRESENT,
MONDAY, TUES., and WED.,
"THE GATES OF EDEN."
THURS., FRI., and SAT.,
"THE CLOSED ROAD."

ELECTRIC THEATRE, NETHERGATE, DUNDEE.
Continuous, 2.30 to 10.30. Showing Mon., Tues., and Wed., May 7, 8, 9, Dorothy Phillips in "THE MARK OF CAIN," "Red Feather" Photo-Play in 5 Reels. Also "THE BLACK RING," Eclipse Exclusive in 3 Reels.
Showing Thurs., Fri., and Sat., May 10, 11, and 12, Barney Gilmore and All-Star Cast in "THE GAME OF THREE," an Intensely Absorbing Detective Drama in 4 Reels. Also "THE DOCTOR'S HONOUR," Another "Eclipse" Winner in 3 Reels.

Vita listens to Von Salzinger's plan to save her father from death. (A scene from a future instalment.)

THE SECRET SUBMARINE

By RIDGWELL CULLUM.

An After the War Story Called by the Author "The Men Who Wrought."

The Beginning of the Story.

Prince Stanislaus Hertzwohl, who perfected the German submarine, gives away the secret of a big submersible to

Ruxton Farlow, a young British Cabinet Minister. Farlow accepts the inventor's offer of a trip on board the constructed vessel, and is shown Germany's great secret arsenal at Borga. The Prince introduces Ruxton as his nephew, "Von Bersac," to Von Salzinger, the military governor of Borga.

Von Salzinger is sent on a private mission to London, and meets Vita, the Prince's daughter, with whom he is in love. Vita discovers that Von Salzinger suspects the loyalty of her father and his association with Ruxton Farlow.

Ruxton has induced his father and the Government to construct big submersibles according to the Prince's plans. Finding that he is being kept under surveillance, the Prince makes his escape from Germany by submarine, and Ruxton takes him to the shelter of his father's home.

Vita is traced to Redwithy Farm by Von Salzinger and Von Berger, and the latter tells Vita that she will have to face a penalty for her treachery similar to that which awaits her father, namely—death.

"And the alternative? I suppose there is an alternative?" Vita exclaims.

"There Is No Alternative!"

"A DEATH sentence so pronounced is generally inspired by an all-important alternative," Vita said, as she faced Von Berger. "Do you desire me to betray my friends? Do you desire me to hand my father over to execution? Do you desire me to tell you where the secrets you desire to discover are bestowed? Do you desire me to assist you to restore to your country the cruel means with which you hope to crush the heart of humanity some time in the future? Let me hear it all, the whole depth to which you desire to force me to descend. I have always wondered at the possible profundity to which the Prussian mind can descend in its lack of human understanding. Well, Prince, you had better say all you have to say now. For after this I shall claim the privilege of every condemned person to pass out of the world in peace." Then her contemptuous smile deepened. "But perhaps I am to be denied that privilege. Perhaps there is no such privilege in the Prussian code. Perhaps I am to be placed upon the rack, and tortured until I confess. I feel it would only be a fitting outcome of the Kultur to which your countrymen have risen. I am waiting to hear anything further you have to say."

It would have been impossible to tell from the man's attitude the effect of these words. Not a muscle of his face stirred. His regard remained coldly contemplative.

"There is no alternative," he said. "Your crime admits of none. We place no value upon any information you could give us. Our means are perfect for obtaining it ourselves. To prove it I can assure you of things which perhaps you do not know yourself. The plans which your friends stole are even now in the yards at Dorby in Yorkshire. The construction of submersible vessels is going on under Admiralty supervision and protection, a matter carefully arranged by your lover, Ruxton Farlow. Your father is at Dorby, and his private submersible is moored in an inner dock at Farlow, Son, & Farlow's yards. These are all facts that you may be aware of, but there are others which you certainly are not. One of them is that these constructions are about to be destroyed by explosion, and the plans too. Later on there will be further developments. As for the torture you suggest, that, too, is unnecessary. I have yet to learn of a greater torture which a young, rich, and beautiful woman can endure than the thought of being torn from the arms of the hero whom she has foolishly permitted herself to worship. There can be nothing more painful to her than to contemplate in her last moments the happiness which she is denied being enjoyed by some other woman when her own penalty has been paid. My reasoning is only a man's, but——"

"A devil's!"

Vita's calm had deserted her. Horror and loathing struggled for place in her wide shining eyes.

The man looked on unmoved.

"As you will, Princess" he said, with that curious flicker of the eyelids. "But now, since I have completed the business of my visit, I will relieve you of my obnoxious presence. When the time comes you will be given half an hour to prepare yourself for the execution of your sentence."

He moved away. The shadows of the room swallowed him up. Then, a moment later, Vita heard the door close behind him.

Enemy Movements.

Ruxton's return to town from Dorby was made by special train in the middle of the night. It had been inspired by an irresistible impulse, born of an apprehension which his great love for Vita inspired.

Prince von Hertzwohl had only sheltered one night under the roof of Dorby Towers. Sir Andrew had been urgent that he should remain his guest indefinitely, feeling that the safety of an Englishman's home was the best of all havens for this large, simple-minded Pole. But Vita's father proved something of his daughter's estimate of him. His gratitude and thanks had been sincere and cordial, but he displayed an understanding of the situation which astonished his hosts, and a decision that resisted all appeal.

"Dear friends," he had urged, "it cannot be. It is a joy to me, so great, to feel the warm shelter of your perfect English home. I love the parks, the wide moor, the white cliffs. But I love more than all the generosity and kindliness of your friendship. But you do not yet grasp what all this means. These people will have my life, and your locks and bars will be no obstacle to their Secret Service. They will get me here, as they would get me in their own country. Nor can we say what danger I might not expose you to. No, my course is quite simple. I will show you to-night."

Father and son were reluctantly forced to acquiesce.

That night, after dinner, the shrewdness of Vita's father was displayed. He departed to his bedroom, and an hour later he reappeared in the smoking-room.

The metamorphosis was perfect. An unkempt individual, lean, dirty, and slouching, entered the room and made its way to the fire. His beard and moustache were gone, and he was clad in the greasy clothes and discoloured overalls of a riverside mechanic. The disguise was so perfect that only with the greatest difficulty both father and son were able to recognise him. Later on he left the house, and set out for the town of Dorby. It was his purpose to lose himself amongst the thousands of workers who peopled the waterside, and so, while keeping in touch with Dorby Towers, completely sink his identity. Nor was it until after profound consideration that Ruxton and his father realised the wonderful but simple astuteness of the man's move.

It was the second night following this event that Ruxton's own resolve was arrived at. It was over forty-eight hours since he had despatched his telegram to Vita telling her of her father's arrival and safety. He should have received a reply in under six hours. No reply, however, had been forthcoming.

At first Ruxton had been patient. There had been much to occupy him of an important nature at the shipyards. He had had little time to think of anything else. The constructions were steadily growing under the energetic hands of his engineers and marine architects. Already the promise of the future was taking definite shape. The work, pressed on at his urging, was proceeding apace. Already the completed outlines of two of the hulls filled twin slipways. His enthusiasm was growing with the rapidity of a man of keen imagination. His dreams were becoming real, tangible. The experiment was full of a promise which weeks ago had no place in his almost despairing regard of the future.

But at night there was less occupation for his mind, and inevitably his thought flew at once to the woman who had opened out to him the radiant possibilities of his future. No reply had reached him on that first night, and he began to feel uneasy. He mentioned the matter to his father with marked unconcern. The shrewd Yorkshire eyes which regarded him were blandly uncurious.

"Did you word it for reply?" he inquired, glancing up from the pictorial periodical he was looking at.

Ruxton had not worded it particularly so, he assured him, with a glance of trouble in his dark eyes.

Then the old man went on with his paper.

"I shouldn't worry about it," he said calmly. "It must have been delivered, or it would have been returned to you."

But the assurance was without effect upon the lover. He said no more then, but at dinner the following evening his anxiety would no longer be denied.

The butler had withdrawn. Ruxton had been unusually disinclined to talk during the meal. The keen brain of his father had summed up the reason to a fraction, but with quiet understanding he had waited for the unburdening which he knew would soon come.

It came as Ruxton, ignoring the dessert, sat back in his chair and lit a cigar.

"I've ordered a special train for town, dad. I can't stand the suspense any longer."

"You mean—the answer to your message." Sir Andrew made no attempt to misunderstand him. "But where is the suspense? It was a message of—his arrival, I understand. The answer was optional."

"Optional? Ah, you don't understand." Just for a moment the trouble seemed to pass out of the younger man's eyes. He was contemplating the wonderful love which had come to him. He breathed a deep sigh. "Look here, dad, what would you have felt like—you know, say just before you married my mother, if you sent her an urgent message by wire and received no reply? Why, in the past twenty-four hours you'd have been driving in a stage coach, or something equally slow, to find out the reason, if I know anything. There are a dozen things I could have done. I could have kept the wires humming incessantly—but for possibilities. Those possibilities have restrained me. But now I can wait no longer. I must see Vita myself and assure myself that nothing is—wrong. Dad, it's the whole world to me. I can't wait any longer. I love her, and I am going to marry her. That's where the suspense lies."

"That's how I supposed," Sir Andrew nodded, his shrewd eyes twinkling. "One has to endure many anxious moments under such circumstances. I have known them myself. You leave at——"

"Three a.m."

The old man nodded.

"I've not met her yet, boy," he said kindly, "though," he added slyly, "I seem as if I did know her. You see, you've spoken of her a lot. Well, if she's half the woman you have told me she is I congratulate you heartily. Somehow, boy, I feel sure she is. Yes, it is as well to go—with possibilities hanging over us all."

He rose from the table and held out his hand as Ruxton followed his example.

"The very best of luck, boy, and—will you give her my love? You can leave the work here in my hands."

The two men clasped hands with a vigour such as belonged to two strong natures, and then, as they moved off to the library, they fell to discussing those "possibilities" to which Ruxton had alluded.

Ruxton's anxiety was no mere impatience of a hot-headed lover. He had not permitted his imagination to distort things out of a real proportion. He knew that their Teutonic enemies were able to lay hands upon Vita if they decided upon such a course. And all too late he had realised that his message had been an indiscretion. Once having arrived at this realisation, the rest followed in painful sequence. If his message, though carefully worded, had fallen into enemy hands, the possibilities such an event opened up were illimitable.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning that he presented himself at the flat in Kensington.

On his way up the stairs he received his first shock. It was not less than an encounter with Mrs Jenkins on her way down then, garbed in her long outdoor ulster, such as all women of her class seem to possess, bearing under one arm an ominous-looking bundle.

He stopped her, or rather she provoked attention herself by a dry cough and a prolonged, moist sniff.

"You goin' up to 'er flat?" she demanded; "'cos if you are she ain't in."

There was a sort of defiant displeasure in her words that, to Ruxton, might have been just her natural form of address, or might not have been.

He paused, glanced down at her bundle, and finally regarded her severely.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"Don't see it's your bizness. Any'ow I'm goin' to do a bit o' shoppin'."

Then Ruxton adopted a high hand.

"Well, just come back upstairs a minute. Your shopping will keep. I want to speak to you on a matter of importance. Come along."

He moved on up the stairs, and Mrs Jenkins, used to obeying somebody at all times, followed him protestingly.

"I don't see I got no right any'ow. But wot with her bein' away, and stoppin' away, and me 'avin' no food to eat, as you might say, an' my wages overdo, an' the bills unpaid, I don't know, I'm sure. Maybe you got my wages with you, bein' a friend of 'ers?"

But Ruxton offered no explanation until they reached the flat and the door of it was securely shut behind them. Then he turned upon her with a forcefulness that reduced her to the necessary condition for giving all the information he needed with the least superfluous verbiage.

"Look here, Mrs Jenkins, I just want a few straight answers to a few plain questions. Remember, the matters I'm going to question you on are of vital importance—very vital importance. I just want plain truth and nothing else."

"Truth! You'll say I'm lying next. Wot d'yer want to know? My motter is allus tell the truth an' shame the devil."

"Yes, yes, that's all right. Where's your mistress?"

The woman sniffed, while she eyed him distrustfully.

"Dunno. Ain't see 'er since you was 'ere last."

"When did you expect her?"

"Why, next day, of course. She allus come 'ere every day 'less she sed. 'Sides, my wages was due next day, an' there's the 'ouskeepin' money. I ain't got neither. I writ 'er to 'er home, but ain't had no answer. I got to eat, an' I ain't got nothin' t' eat in the place, so I was just goin' to slip round with a pair o' blankets an' get a loan. Y'see I didn't know wot to do, an' I tho't——" She broke off with a fresh sniff.

Ruxton produced some money and handed her two sovereigns.

"There, that'll keep you going. Now, all I want from you are these facts. You haven't seen her since I was here, and you expected her next day. You wrote to her and received no reply. The last time you saw her she was leaving for her—home. That so?"

The woman nodded and sniffed.

"Yes, sir." The gold had impressed her.

"Very well. Now I want you to keep on here as if nothing had happened. You shall have your money regularly. Look after your mistress' things carefully, and if anyone calls here, and visitors, men, or—or strangers, let me know. There, that card will give you my address. If I'm not there my secretary will take any message for me. I'm afraid some accident must have happened to your mistress. I am going to find out with the help of the—police. Do you understand? Whatever you do, don't talk."

By the time he had finished the poor woman was thoroughly alarmed, and showed it.

"My, sir, I do 'ope nothin' 'as 'appened serious-like. She was allus a venturesome one, as you might say, goin' about, an' I allus was a-tellin' of 'er——"

"Yes, yes; that's all right. The thing is, I've got to find out. Now, you see and do as I have said, and your mistress will thank you. Nor shall I forget. Remember, if anyone calls for her, get their names and remember their faces, and—don't talk."

He hurried away, and passed down the uninviting stairs at a run. Two minutes later he was in a taxi, driving at a break-neck speed for Smith Square.

Arrived there, he ordered his own car, and, while awaiting its arrival, gave a string of instructions to Heathcote. Within another twenty minutes he was in his car, threading his way through the London traffic with the reckless inconsequence only to be found in an ex-naval chauffeur urged by an equally reckless employer.

A nightmare of apprehension pursued Ruxton over the switchback Oxford road. With a mind clear and incisive he had thought at almost electric speed, and planned the course to be pursued. In his brief twenty minutes with his secretary he had carefully detailed all his requirements. Now he could only lie back in his car, while the sailor man, driving him, obeyed the reckless instincts which have made him and his comrades a byword for devotion. Ruxton demanded speed, and the keen-eyed chauffeur gave it him.

But to Ruxton the speed was a snail gait, and it seemed to him, on that brief journey to Wednesford, that he lived through centuries of despairing anxiety and doubts. Had these devils got at Vita? The burden of his cry was based on all the experiences of the late war. Yet what could they do? What would they dare do, here in England? He tried to reassure himself. But it was a vain attempt. He knew, only too well, the ruthless audacity of these people. Then he blamed himself that he had not insisted that Vita should have abandoned her home in Buckinghamshire when she first told him of Von Salzinger's visit. Was not that sufficient warning for any sane mind? Did it not clearly prove that Vita was watched? And, if she were watched, did it not point the purpose in the Teutonic mind to act if it suited it? Of course it did. He was to blame, seriously to blame—if anything had happened to her. He remembered Vassilitz and the inspiration his doings had awakened in him. He must have been mad not to think further—mad or incompetent.

So his feverish imagination ran on and tortured him as no other anxiety could have tortured him. And then came the relief of further action.

He reached Wednesford all too soon for his sailorman, who would have infinitely preferred continuing his reckless journey to Land's End and then—back again. However, he drew up at the police station of the little old market town in a perfectly decorous fashion. The local chief was awaiting the car, and Ruxton was conducted promptly to that officer's private room.

The chief superintendent was a florid-faced, bulldog-looking man of about forty, vigorous, alert, but possessing no outward sign of particular mentality.

"I received the telephone message, sir," he said at once, "and acted upon it. I sent a plain-clothes man out to Redwithy with instructions to ascertain if Madame Vladimir was at her residence, and, if not, to ascertain if possible something of her recent movements. The man should return now at any moment." He pulled out his watch and made a rough calculation. "Yes, he is quite due now. Would you care to give me more intimate particulars?"

To find himself dealing with a Cabinet Minister in matters of his own department was a little overwhelming to Chief Superintendent Reach, but he saw in it a possibility of advancement, and was ready to surpass himself in his efforts. But Ruxton saw no advantage in laying the inner details of the matter before the local police.

"For the moment nothing more is needed than the simple local information," he replied. "On that depends all future movements. I will tell you this, however. Apart from my personal interest in the matter, there is certain political significance in it of a very important nature. More than that I cannot say until your man——"

The whistle of the tube on the officer's desk interrupted him.

"That's our man, sir," beamed Superintendent Reach, more than satisfied at the opportuneness of the interruption. "Excuse me, sir," he added, and listened at the tube.

"Ah, yes. Send him up here at once," he called through it. Then, glancing at his visitor, he observed ungrammatically, "It's him, sir."

A moment later a brisk plain-clothes man entered the room.

"Well?" demanded his chief sharply.

"The lady's been away about three days, sir," he said, with the stolidity of a policeman giving evidence. "Couldn't tell me when she'd be back. Hadn't left any instructions about the heating apparatus for the new peach-house she is having built. The butler believed the firm who were constructing the house were to put in the plant. He said she left after tea with her maid and luggage for a journey in a motor. Not her own car. He thought it must have been one she hired from Wednesford. I have been round the garages, but no one from Redwithy has hired a car. That's why I am a—"

The plain-clothes man, who was eagerly intent upon the man's informa—

"I sent him"—indicating the plain-clothes man—"as a heating expert from a well-known horticultural firm."

Ruxton nodded.

"You saw the butler—a foreigner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you gather an—impression fr—him?"

"He seemed straightforward and q— ready to talk, sir. I'm sure he k— nothing more, and seemed to believe w— he said."

"There's nothing else?"

"No, sir, I think not. The place see— all reg'lar. You see, sir, I've often 'a— keep an eye on it when the lady's away holiday-makin', and during the— You see, she's a foreigner. So I know— pretty well, though it don't know me— thing that struck me he was speaking truth was there was a tidy bunch of l— on the hall table. Might have been a— cumulation."

"Letters—ah." Ruxton turned to— chief. "I think you'd better come with— and look into things. Those letters. T— should be an important telegram th— if——"

He rose from his chair with a sicken— fear at his heart. The chief dismissed— subordinate and waited for Ruxton to— plete his remark. But as no completion— forthcoming he attempted one himself.

"If there's been no trickery, sir."

"If she went away of her own free— that's what we've got to find out— along."

Half an hour later Ruxton was addressing himself to the black-haired, sallow— Vassilitz, who was urbanity itself in the— of the chief of the Wednesford police.

His story was exactly the same as he had told to the plain-clothes man, and— amount of cross-examination could elicit— smallest shadow of contradiction.

Madame was frequently in the habit— going away suddenly and remaining— indefinite periods. But usually she used— own car, and rarely took her maid. S— times she said when she would be b— sometimes not. On this occasion she did. No, she was unaccompanied except fo— maid, Francella, Vassilitz's own sister— she, Francella, had given him no intimation. Madame was very secret in her— ments. Doubtless madame would return— duo course, as she had always done.

Even the matter of letters in no way concerted him. They were all there on— hall table. But he appealed to the chief— police for authority to show them.

The chief assumed the responsibility— they were produced.

They were examined carefully, and all— one telegram were duly handed back to— butler. The telegram was sequestrated— the officer, but remained unopened.

There was nothing more to be gained— Vassilitz, and the car rolled away. As— they went, Ruxton, in an agony of— conviction, gazed sombrely back at— beautiful old Elizabethan structure in— perfect setting, which was the home of— woman he loved.

He was aroused from his despairing— temptation by the voice of the officer b— him.

"There's trickery afoot, sir," he said— phatically, "and I'll lay a month's— that black-haired Vassilitz is in it."

Ruxton turned sharply.

"What makes you so convinced?" he— quired thickly.

"Why, the letters. Every one of 'e— been opened. So has this telegram. D— you twig it, sir?"

Ruxton confessed his oversight, and— officer beamed pleasant satisfaction.

"That's where experience comes in," he went on. "There never was a system— opening letters that couldn't be detected— those who know. I've made a study— Those letters have all been opened a— 'em. What about this telegram, sir?"

"If it's mine, then the Princess has— left of her own free will. I'm afraid— mine."

"Princess, sir?"

"Yes. She's the Princess von Hertz—"

The officer's face had become a study. He was impressed more deeply than ever.

"Er—shall I open it, sir?" he hesitated.

Ruxton nodded.

"You may as well."

The man tore it open and glanced at— contents. A flush spread over his at— florid cheeks.

"It's yours, sir," he said. Then he add— in a low tone—"I'm—I'm sorry, sir."

For answer he suddenly felt a fierce— clutch on his arm.

"The Princess has been kidnapped!" Ruxton, in a voice deep with passionate— tensity. "Do you understand? She— waiting at her house there for that message— Nothing but force would have caused her to— leave it until she received that message!"

Ruxton's extreme dejection on his— to town was changed abruptly into— greater alarm.

His secretary was nervously awaiting— Nor could he restrain his impat— Heathcote was in the hall when Ruxton— key turned in the lock. The young man— a long telegram in his hand, and flour— it towards his employer the moment the— closed.

"It's from Sir Andrew," he— "There's trouble—trouble at Dorby."

Ruxton snatched at the ominous— and his eyes eagerly sought the boldly-w— message.

"Explosion here at 6 a.m. D— offices completely wrecked. Serious— Certain departments damaged and had— row escape complete destruction.—Farlow."

It was the second blow in a few hours— Ruxton was hard hit. He read into the— message all the ominous facts which had been left unwritten.

But in a moment he had been roused— of himself. The loss of the woman he— had left him stunned in a curious de— He had been attacked thereby through— sensitive organism which controlled all— belonged to the emotional side of the— heart. A terrible weight of depression— overwhelmed him for the moment—it was different. Here was a tangible— tack. Here was something that left— heart untouched, but roused instead all— human fighting instinct which had— mant within him.

"I must go to Dorby to-night," he— briefly. Then he added as he passed— stairs to his library—"Get on to S— Yard and put me through."

You will find another splendid instalment of this story next week. Do not miss it.

THE NERVOUS AGE.

Has the reader noticed how nervous people have become nowadays? A well-known physician says that half the patients who come to him in these times are nerve starved; and the disorder is growing commoner every month. Restlessness, disturbed sleep, and headaches, are only a part of what the patients suffer. The worst is their misery of mind. They cannot face the smallest difficulty. A slammed door tortures the raw nerves. Their minds are undecided, tempers irritable, courage and concentration all gone.

The worst of it is, said the doctor, that people in this condition are tempted to fly to drugs. Morphia, cocaine, opium, and similar things have an evil fascination. Others overfeed with fancy foods in the hope of building up their nerves.

The right way to treat starved nerves is to look to the blood, for a healthy, well-nourished blood-stream feeds the nerves, quickly restoring lost vitality and bringing the mind up to its old power. Dr Williams' pink pills for pale people owe their wonderful reputation to this power of making new blood—the only thing that will make healthy nerves.

FREE.—The effects of modern life upon the nerves are explained in "Nerves and their Needs," to be had free, with other matters to follow, if you send a postcard to Post Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.

SCOTTISH PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE

By Our Special Commissioner.

Sixty Years in One Regiment.

Lafayette

It may not be generally known that Lord Ruthven, who is almost an octogenarian, still continues to serve his country. His Lordship has an excellent record of military service. He took part in the Crimean War and in the Indian Mutiny, fought in Abyssinia, and figured in the South African campaign. At present he is an officer in the Rifle Brigade, which he joined sixty years ago. When at home Lord Ruthven resides at Gorebridge, near Edinburgh, and also owns a picturesque mansion in Wexford.

Prominent Greenock War-Worker.

In Miss Isabelle Kerr the war charities of Greenock have a most painstaking worker. She was the prime mover in a big jewellery sale on behalf of the Lord Kitchener Memorial Fund, which realised a handsome sum. Miss Kerr is the daughter of Mr Dan Kerr, for many years a prominent figure in Scottish cricket, while one of her brothers, Mr John Kerr, is the noted Greenock bat.

Honoured by the French.

Lafayette.

Caithness people hear with much pleasure that Major Sir Archibald Sinclair has been awarded the Croix de Chevalier. Major Sir Archibald Sinclair belongs to the Life Guards, and has been in the army since 1910. He is a keen sportsman, and has also given aviation a good deal of his spare time. Sir Archibald owns considerable property, Thurso Castle being the family seat.

Royalty at Deeside.

It is rumoured that Deeside is to be the holiday centre of some of our Royalty, for Abergeldie Castle is to be opened again this summer. Prince George and Prince John, the King's two younger sons, may spend most of their summer holidays at the Royal residence.

A Voyage in the Air.

His Grace the Duke of Argyll has been visiting his kilted lads at the front. That reminds me that he and his sister, Lady Elspeth Campbell, had a trip in a flying machine the other day. So fascinated was her Ladyship with the voyage through cloudland that she may repeat the flight with a practical object. It is the opinion of Lady Elspeth that women can even do their bit in aviation.

Naval Heroes Grandly Lodged.

I was privileged the other day to view the splendid arrangements which have been made for the comfort and welfare of the naval patients in Mount Stuart House, Rothesay, the beautiful Scottish seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of Bute. The grand hall, the beautiful drawing-room, with its exquisite oil paintings, its noble marble columns, and general air of stately grandeur, as well as the spacious dining-room, constitute the three wards. It is amid such comfort and inspiring surroundings, that our naval wounded are being brought back to a manly vigour in Mount Stuart House. And what probably adds to the sense of comfort on the part of the patients is that the Marquis and Marchioness bear the entire expense of running this naval hospital. Indeed, they even declined the Government grant of so much per head, and every penny of expense is borne by the Marquis and his popular lady.

Marchioness as Nurse.

I ascertained during my visit that her Ladyship's interest in our wounded heroes is no mere perfunctory one. Not only does the Marchioness evince a practical and personal interest in the comfort and welfare of the patients, but while in residence at Mount Stuart she takes her turn in the wards as an ordinary nurse. In addition to her labour of love as a trained nurse, her Ladyship is the active president and takes a personal interest in the Bute Branch of the British Red Cross, supervising the despatch of winter garments from the Bute work parties, the central depot of which is Mount Stuart House.

A Hint to Glasgow Folks

The lighter side of life among the patients is not neglected, and I am glad to say that the good folks of Rothesay do their best to cheer and entertain their naval heroes at intervals. A committee, of which Bailie G. G. Hill is secretary, looks after the entertainments held since the institution of the hospital, and from time to time cinema shows, as well as vocal and instrumental entertainments, are given to the men and the nurses. And I got the hint to invite, through the medium of the "Post Sunday Special," talented artistes from Glasgow and other parts who may be spending a holiday in Rothesay to offer their services and thus help to cheer up those men who have suffered for King and country.

A Glasgow Bride.

Lafayette.

Miss Dorothy, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Dunlop, Glasgow, who is to marry Mr J. C. Bruce Jones, lieutenant Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Forward Hall, Larbert.

A Celtic War Worker.

Mrs Mackinnon is the secretary of the Clan Mackinnon Society Ladies' Guild, the headquarters of which are in Glasgow. Branches of the Guild are to be found in London, Edinburgh, and Greenock, and about one thousand garments are distributed annually among necessitous people of the clan in the Highlands and Islands. Mrs Mackinnon acted as collector for Glasgow and district in connection with the Edinburgh Highland Feill. In a quiet way the genial wife of the traffic superintendent of the Glasgow Corporation Tramways has done much to bring cheer to our wounded soldiers.

Original Idea for Plotters.

Mr John Robertson, the well-known miners' agent, whose great triumph in raising £2300 with which to keep our brave soldiers copiously supplied with thick black tobacco, has been previously referred to in these columns, has now turned his energies and originality to "plotting." He has taken over ground formerly lying in lea from a Hamilton farmer, and this he is cultivating for vegetable-growing purposes. A donkey—for many years a pet with the Robertson family—draws a little hand-made plough, which was constructed by the versatile miners' agent. The ground is being rapidly prepared, and Mr Robertson pays high testimony to the industry of his donkey.

Gallant Gordon Highlander.

Captain Alan Duncan Bell Irving, of the Gordon Highlanders, who was awarded the Military Cross for gallantry and skill in attacking a hostile balloon and bringing it down in flames, and who was subsequently awarded a bar for great courage and skill while escorting a bombing raid, has now been awarded the French Croix de Guerre. While in Aberdeen he was a very popular officer.

Fifty-Five Years on the Railway.

A prominent figure on the Glasgow, Barrhead, and Kilmarnock Joint Line has just retired in the person of Mr Robert Young, who has completed 55 years' service with the company. He hails from the Bridge of Weir, entered railway work at the early age of 14, has passed through all grades of the service, and had the honour of opening the new station at Stewarton. Mr Young will spend the evening of his days at Dunoon.

Lady to Advise Inverness Farmers.

Miss Elsie Watt, Ardenslate House, Kirn, the daughter of Mr Harry A. Watt, M.P., has just been appointed co-operating officer for the Inverness area under the scheme for assisting farmers to increase the food production. Born at Kirn, and trained at the Edinburgh University College, she holds the diploma in agriculture. Miss Watt studied the theory and practice of cheese-making in Somerset and Reading, and wrought on farms in Bedfordshire and Bucks. Her knowledge of scientific farming has been applied with encouraging success on her father's Dumfries-shire estate. Few women have made a more intimate study of work on the land.

An Advocate of Domestic Economy.

Lafayette

Mrs Macleod, who has been taking an active part in the food economy campaign in Glasgow, is the wife of the member for the Central Division of the city. Since the outbreak of war she has taken a great interest in the work of the Patriotic Food League, and has been working in the interests of cookery classes among the poorer people. These classes are designed to place the question of food economy on a practical basis.

Russian Award for Sheriff's Wife.

In recognition of her work on behalf of the Russian wounded, Mrs Macdiarmid, the wife of the Sheriff of Dumbartonshire, has been presented with the Insignia and Court Certificate, together with the Special Red award, instituted by the late Empress Alexandra Feodorovna. A flag day organised by Mrs Macdiarmid to provide a Helensburgh bed in the base hospital at Petrograd realised £104 7s. At present she is perfecting arrangements for a similar enterprise on behalf of the Navy League.

A Son of the People.

Highlanders at home and abroad have just reason to be proud of Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, who has been promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General in command of railway construction corps on the western front. General Stewart is a Gaelic-speaking Highlander, and one of the most popular Scotsmen in Canada, being a partner in one of the largest railway construction firms in the Dominion. Last year he raised a Construction Battalion in Canada. General Stewart some time ago bought his native parish of Assynt from the Duke of Sutherland. When visiting the north General Stewart never fails to call on old friends of his boyhood, for he is truly "one of the people" although occupying a lofty station.

LEADING THEATRICAL LIGHTS IN SCOTLAND THIS WEEK.

(1) Sonia Seal at the King's Theatre, Dundee; (2) Dorothy Ward at the Alhambra, Glasgow; (3) Ann Coppinger, playing Peg in "Peg o' My Heart," at the King's Theatre, Glasgow; (4) Irene Miller at the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh; (5) Frank Lindo as Napoleon in "A Royal Divorce" at Her Majesty's Theatre, Dundee; (6) Norah O'Gorman in "As Irish as Ever" at the Coliseum, Glasgow.

Our portrait is of **Mrs. MANLEY**, of **8 Frome Road, Westbury Avenue, Wood Green, London, who writes:—**

"Thanks to 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' I have avoided another operation for diseased abscesses in the glands. Two years previous to taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' I had two operations, but all the swellings did not go down, and this year, owing to getting run down, again had them. I was under medical treatment, and would have had another operation; then my husband persuaded me to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I did so, and shall always be thankful I did. After the fifth day all the old places began to draw and tug as if there was still some matter left in them, and after five bottles I was quite cured. It is some time since I finished the last bottle, and I have had no return."

Clarke's Blood Mixture, by reason of its remarkable blood purifying properties, can be relied upon to give quick relief and lasting benefit in all cases of Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples, Sores and Eruptions, Piles, Glandular Swellings, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, &c. Thousands of truly wonderful cures stand to its credit. Pleasant to take, and free from anything injurious.

ASK FOR AND SEE YOU GET

Clarke'e Blood Mixture

"EVERYBODY'S BLOOD PURIFIER."

Of all Chemists and Stores, 2/9 per Bottle.

"GET IT AT ANDERSON'S"

HAIR DYE, in Auburn, Blonde, Brown, and Black Colours. SAFE and SPEEDY. Bottles, 2/3 each.

HAIR RESTORER, Renews Grey or Faded Hair to its Natural Colour Gradually. Bottles, 2/3 each.

HAIR DESTROYER, to Remove Superfluous Hairs. Bottle, 1/3 each.

JAMES ANDERSON'S DRUG STORES,
COMMERCIAL STREET, DUNDEE.
The Depot in Dundee for all Medicines at Wholesale Prices.

FREEMANS CUSTARD
There's nothing else quite so good.
DEVONSHIRE

RHEUMATISM-KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Rheumatism, backache, lumbago, sciatica, urinary trouble, stone, gravel, dropsy, the result of excessive uric acid. Estora Tablets, a specific based on modern medical science, are the successful treatment. 1/3 box of 40 tablets, or 6 for 6/9, all chemists, or post free from Estora Co., 132 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.

COLISEUM,
GLASGOW.
6.55—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.
"AS IRISH AS EVER."
Sequel to "IRISH AND PROUD OF IT."
By Wal Pink.
An All-Irish Cast, including
NORAH O'GORMAN, JOE O'GORMAN,
The ROYAL MERRY 4, MAFUZIANG MANCHU,
NIXON GREY, the Popular Comedian.
Box Office, 11 to 4—6 to 9.30 p.m.
'Phones—South 230. Central 1601.

EMPIRE GLASGOW.
6.45—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.0.
William Henshall presents
The Famous American Comedians,
SCOTT and WHALEY in an Entirely New Burlesque, "INTRODUCE ME."
Cast also includes—Molly Drew, Harry Bailey, Clifford Barclay, Len Kilroy,
40 Full Company of Artistes 40
Strong Variety Company includes GILDAY & FOX.
MATINEE TUESDAY, 2.30.
Box Office, 10.30 to 5.30 and 6.30 to 9.30.
Phone 3731 Douglas.

LA SCALA,
GLASGOW
MON., TUES., WED. 7th, 8th, 9th May.
"THE KISS."
Four-Part Comedy Romance.
"LASCA,"
Two-Part Thrilling Drama.
THURS., FRI., SAT., 10th, 11th, 12th May.
"SELFISHNESS."
Five-Part Intense Drama.
"MASSIVE MOVIE MERMAID."
Falstaff Comedy.
COMMENCING MONDAY, 7th May.
Miss APRIL PENDARVIS,
Brilliant Contralto.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE,
DUNDEE.
MONDAY, May 7th, for SIX NIGHTS,
at 7 o'clock.
W. W. KELLY'S GREAT ATTRACTION.
"A ROYAL DIVORCE."
Box Office Open. Phone 1919.

KING'S THEATRE,
DUNDEE.
TWICE NIGHTLY, at 7 and 9.
MONDAY, May 7, 1917
ELSIE SPAIN, late Prima Donna, D'Oyly Carte Co., London, and RANDELL JACKSON, the Eminent Baritone, in Musical Gems. TERRIS & ROMAINE, Violin and Piano Interludes; SONIA SEAL, the Unusual Girl; PAYNE & HILLIARD, in Modern Burlesque; and Full Variety Company.
Box Office, 11 to 4, 6.15 to 10. Phone 1930.

LA SCALA,
PHONE 384. 50 MURRAYGATE. DUNDEE.
ALL NEXT WEEK.
"SONS OF OUR EMPIRE."
PARTS 3 and 4.
SCOTLAND FOR EVER!
"THE BLACK WATCH."
MONDAY, for Three Days Only,
BLANCHE SWEET in
"THE DUPE."
THURSDAY, for Three Days Only,
Miss VALENTINE GRANT in
"THE DAUGHTER OF MACGREGOR."

SHAND'S PICTURE HOUSE,
SHEPHERD'S LOAN, DUNDEE.
MONDAY, TUES. and WED.
GRAND METRO WONDERPLAY,
"NOTORIOUS GALLACHER."
In 5 Acts.
THURS., FRI., and SAT.,
Miss ELLEN TERRY in
"HER GREATEST PERFORMANCE."
London Film, in 5 Reels.
Private Boxes, 5s 6d and 7s 6d.

VICTORIA, VICTORIA ROAD, DUNDEE.
Continuous, 7 to 10.30. Saturday, 7 and 8.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY.
JAMES MORRISON in
THE ALIBI.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY.
THE HYPOCRITES.
Featuring COURTENAY FOOTE.
Up-to-Date Topicals. Orchestral Music.

PALACE PLAYHOUSE
DUNDEE.
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE, 7-10.30.
THE FAMOUS B.B. PICTURES PRESENT,
MONDAY TUES. and WED.,
"THE GATES OF EDEN."
THURS., FRI., and SAT.,
"THE CLOSED ROAD."

ELECTRIC THEATRE, NETHERGATE, DUNDEE.
Continuous, 2.30 to 10.30. Showing Mon., Tues., and Wed., May 7, 8, 9, Dorothy Phillips in "THE MARK OF CAIN," "Red Feather" Photo-Play in 5 Reels. Also "THE BLACK RING," Eclipse Exclusive in 3 Reels.
Showing Thurs., Fri., and Sat., May 10, 11, and 12, Barney Gilmore and All-Star Cast in "THE GAME OF THREE," an Intensely Absorbing Detective Drama in 4 Reels. Also "THE DOCTOR'S HONOUR," Another "Eclipse" Winner in 3 Reels.

Ex-Provost Orr, of Airdrie.

Ex-Provost John Orr, of Airdrie, the new chairman of the Congregational Union, is one of Lanarkshire's outstanding personalities. He has long been in the counsels of the Congregational Union, and at the annual meetings last week he gained the approbation of the assembly for his excellent methods in conducting public business. Ex-Provost Orr has just contributed £250 to the newly-instituted Central Fund of the Union.

Scots Peer's Appointment.

I learn that Lord Napier and Ettrick has obtained an appointment at the Ministry of Munitions. This Border peer was in the army in his youth, and shortly after the outbreak of war obtained a commission, which, owing to ill-health he had to relinquish. This, however, did not save him from being called up as a private soldier under the Military Service Act—in this respect a most democratic measure. At first he was rejected as medically unfit, but now Lord Napier has risen to the physical status of a B2 man. In view of his new appointment, he has received conditional exemption. Two years ago Lord Napier met with a serious accident, from the effects of which he still suffers.

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

GLASGOW CHARITY CUP.

Clyde, ... 0 Queen's Park, ... 1
Partick Thistle, ... 3 Third Lanark, ... 1

ROSEBERY CHARITY CUP.

Hearts, ... 3 Hibs, ... 0
Armadale, ... St Bernards, ...
2 goals 3 corners. 2 goals 1 corner.

LANARKSHIRE CHARITY CUP.

Airdrieonians, ... 2 Lanarkshire Select, .. 0

DUMBARTONSHIRE CHARITY CUP.

Clydebank, ... 3 Renton, ... 0
Vale of Leven, ... 0 Dumbarton Harp, ... 2

PAISLEY CHARITY CUP.

St Mirren, ... 4 Abercorn, ... 1

GREENOCK INFIRMARY CHARITY.

Morton, ... 1 Rangers, ... 0

MOTHERWELL CHARITY MATCH.

Motherwell, ... 0 Celtic, ... 5

LOCAL CHARITIES.

Aberdeen, ... 2 Dundee, ... 1

STEVENSTON NURSING FUND.

Stevenston Thistle, .. 2 Kilmarnock, ... 2

INFIRMARY SHIELD—Final Tie.

Falkirk, ... 6 East Stirlingshire, .. 4

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Pollokshill, ... 5 Strathclyde, ... 0
Parkhead, ... 1 Pollok, ... 0
Ashfield, ... 4 Maryhill, ... 0
Shettleston, ... 0 Bellahill Athletic, ... 2
Cambuslang Rangers, 1 Larkhall Thistle, ... 1

SCOTTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE.

St Anthony's, ... 5 St Mirren Juniors, .. 1
Oatlands, ... 2 Glenboig Cam., ... 0

GLASGOW JUNIOR CUP.
Undecided Semi-Final Tie.

Glencairn, ... 2 Bonburb, ... 3

RENFREWSHIRE CONSOLATION CUP —Semi-Final.

Hollston Victoria, ... 3 Thornliebank, ... 2

DISTRICT CUP—Semi-Final.

Cray Celtic, ... 4 Kilsyth Emmet, ... 3

SCHOOL INTERNATIONAL.

England, ... 1 Scotland, ... 0

SCHOOL INTER-LEAGUE.

Primary Sch. (Glas.), 4 Lanarkshire, ... 3
At Larkhall.

OTHER MATCHES.

Everton,	2	Leeds,	3
Chelsea,	3	Fulham,	1
Millwall,	1	Crystal Palace,	1
West Ham,	3	Tottenham Hotspur,	3
West Bromwich A.,	0	Birmingham,	2
Sheffield United,	1	Shemeld Wednesday,	2

WHIPPETING.

EDINBURGH HANDICAP.

Yesterday a 190 yards dog handicap was run at Powderhall, and produced over two hundred entries.

The finalists were:—Buchan's (Bathgate) Review (35); Ward's (Leith) Searchlight (38); Campbell's (Whithorn) Wee Jean (38); Skalding's (Cowdenbeath) Golden Sun (31); and Mechan's (Addiewell) Lady Lee (38). Result:—£16, Golden Sun. Others £1 each. Betting—6 to 2 on Golden Sun, 3 to 1 against Review, 5 to 1 each against Wee Jean and Lady Lee, 16 to 1 against Searchlight. Won by inches. Time—10¼ secs.

GLASGOW HANDICAP.

A 200 yards handicap was run in heats at Rockville Grounds. First and second in heats:—Mr Moran's Gipsy Boy (25) and Mr Lundie's Cowboy (11); Mr Davidson's Black Midge (33) and Mr Hendry's Run Away (22½); Mr Doyle's Shady Boy (20½) and Mr M'Kinney's Swynford (8½); Mr Moir's Visitor (18) and Mr Cowan's Reliable (28½); Mr M'Naul's Master Bill (23) and Mr King's White Star (24); Mr Bookies' Wee Bella (34½); Mr Mack's Lady Voyage (28½), and Mr Begg's Wee Man (24½), dead heat; Mr M'Kenzie's Maisie (35) and Mr M'Donald's Pupper (31½); Mr Scott's Red Flag (17½) and Mr Mill's Meg (6½); Mr Wood's Bessie (17½) and Mr Grant's Dusky Boy (33); Mr M'Lean's Kiona (24) and Mr M'Conville's O.K. (31); Mr Grant's Eastwood (30) and Mr Canfield's Marry Me (34); Mr Buckley's Cathkin Boy (21) and Mr Orr's Pibe (34½); Mr Pratt's Dark Day (17) and Mr Thomson's Black Jim (25½); Mr Watson's All the Same (35); Mr Marshall's Bonnie Dean (33½) and Mr Flynn's Paddy Go Easy (26); Mr Doran's Thora (32) and Mr Clifford's Steam Hammer (36); Mr Snedden's All Black (16) and Mr Currie's Bear (25); Mr M'Ewan's Principal Boy (29) and Mr Clark's Marmion (17½); Mr Strachan's Dreadnought (27½) and Mr Stoddart's Billy J. (24½); Mr Bill's Lady Pearce (34) and Mr Watt's Bag of Tricks (37); Mr Hughes' Sleeve Link (32) and Mr Caldwell's Remembrance (35); Mr Smillie's Rosalea (37) and Mr Kepburn's Scotsman (30½); Mr Jem's Jester (35); Mr Muir's Sweep (21) and Mr Rice's Dear Mary (19); Mr Kelly's Casino (20) and Shepherd's Quicksand (30); Mr Thomson's Buckshire Bill (21) and Mr Thomson's Charlie (26).

First semi-final—Wee Bella and Wee Man.
Second semi-final—Marry Me and Kioria.
Final—1 All Black, 2 Wee Bella, 3 Wee Man.
Betting—2 to 1 on the winner.

COATBRIDGE MEET.

The usual weekly handicap took place yesterday afternoon on Mr Richardson's grounds. There was a large attendance. The programme opened with the final rounds in the previous week's handicap. Results:—First semi-final—1 Spence's Redwood (40); 2 Bigger's Blue Streak (49). Second semi-final—1 Brown's Saucy Sarah (51); 2 Bennett's Flashlight (44). Final—1 Saucy Sarah, 2 Blue Streak. A new handicap was afterwards completed. Winners:—Adair's Lady Belle (51), Kerr's Jim Larkin (44), Kelly's Beauty (51), Lawrie's Wasp (49), Park's King Billy (46), Geddes' Sleepy (49), Wilson's Fighting Mac (44), Brown's Bit o' Fashion (54), Taggart's White Squall (37), Nicolson's Ivy (44), Dysart's Little Nan (48), Cullen's Dick (50), Spence's Redwood (40), Almond's Burn Bland (46), Thomson's Kate (50), Spunky (44), Bennett's Old Lonely (50), Anderson's Bell Street Lass (49), Leach's Highland Mary (38), Hill's Hilda (50).

LOCHGELLY HANDICAP.

This handicap came off before a large attendance. Result:—1 Mr M'Rae's (Glencraig) Artful (13); 2 Mr Yorkstone's (Cowdenbeath) Lucky Meg (11½); 3 Mr Shaw's (Cardenden) Polsen (8); 4 Mr Simpson's (Lochre) Afton Water (8). Betting—2 to 1 on Artful. Won by a foot.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL CONTEST.
Matches played on April 21.

In this contest no one correctly forecasted fifteen results, but one reader submitted a form showing three errors, and our Consolation Prize of £10 is therefore awarded to:—

G. HARRIS, 93 Llewellyn Street, Pontygewaith, Glamorganshire.

CELTIC SMOTHER MOTHERWELL IN A WAR CHARITY MATCH.

SENSATIONAL SCORING BY ST MIRREN'S CENTRE AT LOVE STREET.

CONCISE AND CRITICAL REPORTS OF YESTERDAY'S LEADING SPORTING EVENTS.

Queen's and Clyde lined up in the first round of the Charity ties at Celtic Park. Hamilton, for Clyde, took the place of Shingleton, and R. F. M'Dermid was unable to turn out for the Queen's. It was a good game of level pegging all through, but all in Queen's were worth the only goal scored in the game.

The Clyde, with the wind, started brightly, showing well in the open, but tapering off close in. When the Queen's struck their game they were more purposeful, and Alan Morton from midfield sped past three men in succession, and centred from the flag. The goalie played the ball, which came out to Aitken, who promptly netted. The point was struck off, presumably on the ground of offside. If Clyde had the best of the argument in the first half they wasted it all by their sheer inability to work in for a scoring shot, while for the Queen's Morton's dashes were the things that mattered. Level at two corners was the half-time score.

Queen's had the only goal second half. It came after pretty passing by the line, Frank Walker clinching in his best style. Clyde went out to equalise, and Morris all but had it with a ripping shot close in. To the end Queen's was the better side, and they ran out good winners. For Queen's Ward did all that was asked of him. Thorpe and Neilson good, Cowan the better half, Morton, Aitken, and Walker the best of a good line. For Clyde Hamilton played well. Farrell made fewer mistakes than his partner. Neave the pick of the middle line, and Watson and Thomson the best forwards. M'Gowan was overshadowed by P. Thorpe, and Morris tried too much on his own.

Queen's Park, 1; Clyde, 0.

Gate, all in, £205.

Clyde—Shingleton; Cowan and Farrell; Daly, Neave, and Forrest; Morris, G. Watson, M'Gowan, Thomson, and Shimmon.

Queen's Park—R. Ward; P. Thorpe and J. Neilson; A. Cowan, J. G. Barry, and J. Paterson; W. J. Aitken, F. J. M'Conachy, F. Walker, D. Templeton, and A. L. Morton.

WARRIORS WORSTED.

The other Glasgow Charity Cup match was between Partick Thistle and Third Lanark. There was a big attendance. The homesters faced the breeze, and made the running, M'Mullan slapping in a beauty, which hit the bar. Thirds retaliated, and Ferguson cleared easily. Thistle attacked again, and on this occasion drew blood. "Wilson" broke away, and dashing clean in scored nicely, with a few Warriors tearing at his heels. The visitors came often into the attacking picture, and made many good but futile efforts to break down a very stubborn Firhill defence. Thistle led at the interval.

The game in the second period was contested with the same keenness. The Thistle made the pace at the start, and Brownlie and company got heaps to do. Thirds almost equalised after a sparkling run, Ferguson saving very cleverly twice in quick succession. Partick were compelled to act on the defensive, and so severe was the pressure that the equaliser was overdue. It was near time when Weir equalised, and at the end of the hour and a half the pegging was level—one's up.

Playing extra time, the Thistle came out of the struggle with two more goals, scored by Branscombe and Reid respectively, and entered the semi-final.

Partick Thistle, 3; Third Lanark, 1.

The gate amounted to £210, and the stand to £30—£240, excluding the tax.

Partick Thistle—Ferguson; Adams and J. Harris; Durnin, Fletcher, and M'Mullan; Whittle, Reid, "Wilson," Leitch, and "Smith."

Third Lanark—Brownlie; M'Laughlan and Mackie; Walker, Hannah, and Brown; Bissett, Weir, M'Lean, Wilkie, and Thomson.

YARNALL'S GOALS.

The game in aid of the war funds between Airdrieonians and the Lanarkshire Select attracted quite a good crowd to Broomfield Park, Airdrie. The 'Onians played with a good stiff breeze at their backs. The Select began well, and Bennett had the first try at goal. A terrific shot by Anderson was brilliantly saved by Hudson. In fifteen minutes Kennedy lobbed into goal and the ball rebounded off the crossbar. Yarnall caught the leather on the rebound and plunked on the first goal for Airdrie, whose shooting was very erratic. Half-time—Airdrie, 1; Select, 0.

The second half was full of interest. The Select side were repeatedly in the danger zone, and on two or three occasions experienced the hardest of hard luck. Near the finish Yarnall gave the 'Onians a second goal, and a minute or so later almost performed the hat trick. Quite an interesting game ended two goals to nothing in favour of the Airdrieonians.

Airdrieonians—Bernard; M'Donald and Watson; Knox, Kennedy, and Comrie; Rankin, Anderson, Yarnall, Donaldson, and Paterson.

Lanarkshire Select—Hudson (Albion Rovers); Caffrey (Wishaw), Thom (Albion Rovers); M'Kerley (Airdrie), Macalpine (Wishaw), and Wallace (Albion Rovers); Galbraith (Albion Rovers), Todd (Dykehead), Nicoll (Wishaw), Bennett (Albion Rovers), and Hastie (Dykehead).

RANGERS v. MORTON.

A splendid contest, in keeping with the objects of the game, was provided by Morton and Rangers at Greenock. The total proceeds go to the local infirmary, which should benefit by a substantial "gate," as about 6000 spectators were present. Morton were at full strength, bar the absence of Seymour. Bruce (Partick Thistle) guarded the uprights for the Rangers. Morton quickly settled, and took a good grip of the game. They were the smarter in their movements, showing more method, though in goal-getting they did not always hit it off too well. The forwards had, however, to contend with a spirited defence in Manderson and Blair, who were the mainstay of the visitors. For Morton, M'Culloch was a frequent trier, and Bruce had to handle many shots from the home centre. Steele, a young player from the East Coast, did well for Rangers. Martin had one rare opening just before the interval, but his judgment was at fault. Spectators were treated to a spirited second half, in which the honours were fairly even. Gourlay was a force to be reckoned with in the home front line, and to him belongs a share of the credit for the only goal scored in the game. This success was obtained eight minutes after resuming. Bruce ran out to meet the ball, which came from the right-winger, but Stevenson, taking his chance, smartly netted. Bradford had several ticklish shots to deal with. Wright and M'Intyre were notable for Morton, while Lawson and Steele stood out prominently in the Ibrox attack.

Morton, 1; Rangers, 0.

Morton — Bradford; Morrison and Ormonde; M'Intyre, Wright, and M'Lean; Grant, Gourlay, M'Culloch, Stevenson, and M'Naught.

Rangers—Bruce (Partick Thistle); Manderson and Blair; Bowie, Martin, and Pursell; Duncan, Dick, Steele (Armadale), Livingstone, and Lawson.

CELTS' CHARITY NAP

Celts and Motherwell lined up at Firpark for local charities. Celts had out a good side, with W. Cringan (Ayr United) as pivot. Gallagher was the man first in the picture, and he meandered through the Well defence and rundelled the ball past the home goalie for the first count. The Celts fell to a good stride, the three inside men again and again menacing the home citadel, and Gallagher sent past with little to spare. The home left then showed their paces, but Shaw was able to dispose of all that came his way. The Celts' reply was a second goal from M'Coll, and this had the effect of nerving the Firparkers to greater effort, but the Celts, who were steady in defence, covered Shaw nicely, and he was seldom in danger. Closing in on the interval the Celts had a whirlwind effort, and Gallagher potted twice and Browning once, and Celts went "nap" at the end of the forty-five, "Patsy" doing the hat-trick.

Celts were content with their margin, and the second portion was robbed of any interest it might have had. Ferguson and Morgan occasionally spelt danger, but the Celts were safe—as steady in defence as they were clever forward—and they finished easy winners. For Celts none bettered Dodds, Cringan, Gallagher, M'Coll, and Browning. Motherwell's best were M'Skimming, Brown, Kelly, Ferguson, and Morgan.

Celtic, 5; Motherwell, 0.

Motherwell — Rundell; Penman and M'Skimming; Dinsmuir, Brown, and Archibald; Kelly, Gardner (Blantyre Victoria), Ferguson, Gray, and Morgan.

Celtic—Shaw; M'Stay and Dodds; Wilson, W. Cringan, and Brown; O'Kane, Gallagher, M'Coll, Browning, and Maclean.

DUNDEE BEAT THE DONS.

Aberdeen and Dundee met at Pittodrie in a war charity game. The attendance was middling. Greig, of Aberdeen, kept goal for Dundee, and Duffus, also of the Dons, was at centre half for the visitors. The homesters had the better of the opening exchanges, and the Dundee goal had an extremely narrow escape, Greig being very lucky to clear a drive by W. Wylie. Aberdeen kept pressing, and again Greig saved, this time from J. Wyllie. In eighteen minutes the Dons drew blood, and on the run of the exchanges deserved it. Wylie snapped up a pass, ran along the wing, beating several opponents, and centred. J. Wylie met the ball with his head and steered the globe safely into the net. Aberdeen continued to have the better of the play, but Dundee improved, and Brown, getting in a characteristic run, shot from thirty yards' range. The ball travelled at a great pace, and Anderson was beaten to the wide. Half-time:—One each.

Dundee were seen to more advantage in the second period. The home defenders had an anxious time. Anderson made a splendid save from Brown. The Dons' attack made little progress against the Dundee defence. The visitors had hard lines more than once, but Brown gave them the lead with the period half-way through. Dundee won on their merits. Result:—Dundee, 2; Aberdeen, 1.

Aberdeen—Anderson; Colman and Moir; Calder, J. Robertson, and B. Smith; Paton, Walker, J. Wyllie, Cail, and W. Wylie.

Dundee—Greig; Hampton and Burns; "Murray," Duffus, and Furneaux; "Thomson," M'Culloch, Brown, Fenton, and Grant.

HEARTS v. HIBS.

Hearts had Hibs at Tynecastle in a Rosebery Charity Cup-tie. There were a few changes in the teams. Hibs suffered most in this respect, M'Manus, Patterson, and Kilpatrick being their absentees. Lieutenant Chaplin, of the Royal Engineers, was picked up on the grand stand, and took the place of M'Manus. Some of his saves rather tickled the crowd, but he did his best. No scoring at half-time gives a clear indication of the strength of the back divisions of each team as against the ability of the forwards.

It was well on in the second half ere Conacher improved upon a fine cross from Sinclair and headed through the first goal. Denyer followed with another goal, also got with a header, which had the same source of origination. Ross got a third, a bit of fine persistence on his part, getting in front of the lieutenant, whom he eluded safely. Gordon was the man who shone for Hibs. He shadowed Denyer throughout, and put in a lot of otherwise good work. Kerr, Muirhead, and Dornan were the others who mattered. On the Hearts' side Bryant, of the Royal Fusiliers, gave a pretty display, but the Tynecastle half-back line was the backbone of the side. Sinclair and Denyer performed well, but Hilsdon's shooting was not as per usual.

Hearts, 3; Hibs, 0.

Hearts—Black; Kiernan and Bryant; Nellies, Gallacher, and Ross; Sinclair, M'Ewan, Denyer, Hilsdon, and Cartmell.

Hibs—Lieut. Chaplin; Borthwick and Dornan; Kerr, Gordon, and Templeton; Lennie, Fleming, Meaney, Muirhead, and Campbell.

EXCITING AFFAIR AT EASTER ROAD.

The Rosebery Charity game at Easter Road was quite an exciting affair. The teams were well matched. Herd, late of Broxburn, got the opening goal for Armadale, and T. M'Lean equalised for the Saints, who were a goal up through a header from M'Leod. Ballantyne put on the equaliser in the closing minute. In the extra time played Armadale had three corners against one for St Bernards, Armadale thus qualifying to meet Hearts in the final at Tynecastle next Saturday. For the winners M'Coll, Forrester, Ballantyne, and Currie were best; the Saints being best served by Amos, Gilhooley, Hyde, and M'Dougall. Result:—Armadale, 2 goals 3 corners; St Bernards, 2 goals 1 corner.

ST MIRREN BEAT ABERCORN.

St Mirren and Abercorn met at Love Street yesterday in the first of the home-and-home games between the two Paisley clubs for the Paisley Charity Cup. Throughout the Saints were the superior lot. There were several newcomers in the Abercorn ranks, and the longer the game proceeded the better was each beginning to know the play of the other. But their improvement was too late. In the Saints' team, Marshall, with his four goals and a disallowed one, carried off the honours. Turner and the other front men also did exceptionally well, and Cadet Gray showed frequent glimpses of his old brilliancy. In defence the Saints were splendidly served. Waddell was the outstanding man for Abercorn, and Stewart, Howie, M'Gregor, and M'Grain put in a lot of excellent work. Montgomery, considering the lot of pressure he had to withstand, kept a good goal for Abercorn.

St Mirren, 4; Abercorn, 1.

RENTON OUTED.

Team changes were numerous in the Clydebank and Renton elevens that met at Clydeholm in the first round of the Dumbartonshire Charity Cup. Gardner, ex-Partick Thistle, and Swifty Anderson, ex-Q.P., stripped for Renton, who were in straits for a team, while Shortt and Sowerby formed the Clydebank right wing, Bell also appearing for them at left back in room of Ferguson. Renton started with the wind, Haddow and Houie shining on the left wing, but when it came to shooting their luck was out. Twice Welsh floundered badly with likely openings. Clydebank gradually assumed the upper hand, and the Renton defence was sorely pressed. Fortunately Miller was in excellent trim, and time and again came to the rescue when a score seemed certain. In thirty-five minutes Goldie scored, and Clydebank led 1-0 at half-time. In six minutes Sowerby added another goal, and in a quarter of an hour a third. Clydebank was distinctly the better side. Clydebank, 3; Renton, 0.

DUMBARTONSHIRE CUP TIE.

Dumbarton Harp and Vale of Leven met in the semi-final of the County Cup competition at Boghead. Harp played Connelly in stead of Neary (hurt). Vale's regular backs, Clark and Bone, were absentees. Duffy scored in five minutes from the start from a pass by Connelly. Ten minutes from the interval Connelly put the Harp further ahead after a good single-handed effort.

Against the wind the Vale put up a capital fight, giving as much as they got. Both goalkeepers were kept busy, but there was no more scoring. Best for the Harp—M'Callum, Watson, Dempster, Livingston, Connelly, and M'Bride; and for the Vale—Robb, Cameron, Brander, Anderson, and Sloan. Harp, 2; Vale of Leven, 0.

FALKIRK RETAIN SHIELD.

By their decisive win over East Stirlingshire Falkirk yesterday at Brockville Park pronounced themselves emphatically holders of the Falkirk Infirmary Shield for another season. The score of six goals to four in their favour might have been greater had the forwards exerted themselves in the second half. The winners scored early by Shearer (2) and Watson, and at the interval led by 3-2, the 'Shire's scorers being Muir and Hutchison.

In the second portion Falkirk had again the upper hand, and added to their total by Croal, Simpson, and Shearer, while the 'Shire counted twice by Hutchison, the old Rangers A player. A bitterly cold wind prevailed throughout the game. Result:—Falkirk, 6; East Stirlingshire, 4.

FIFE RIVALS MEET.

Dunfermline Athletic had to bend the knee to Cowdenbeath in the first of the West Fife Hospital Cup ties on North End Park by two goals to nothing. There was no scoring in the first half, greatly due to strong defences and a puzzling wind. After half an hour's play in the second half Cowdenbeath snatched victory through a grand individual effort on the part of Frost, who circumvented several opponents before beating Paterson. The 'Beath lads kept up a hot attack after this, and again the same player was responsible for the second goal, the result of a combined movement on Paterson. Both sides were strong in defence, in which Gillespie, M'Lean, and Philp played prominent parts for the North Enders. Frost and Mackay outshone their colleagues. For Dunfermline much was expected from C. Duncan, of the Rangers, who was disappointing, as he was never allowed any rope.

ARMY v. LEAGUE SELECT

The following Army team has been chosen to meet the League Select at Tynecastle on 19th May:—Gunner Brownlie (R.F.A.); Corpl. Lavery (Royal Scots) and Corpl. Henderson (Royal Scots); Bombardier Mercer (R.G.A.), Bombardier Paterson (R.G.A.), and Sergeant J. Gordon (M.I.S.); Gunner Scott Duncan (R.F.A.), Private Muirhead (A. and S.H.), Sergeant Denyer (Royal Fusiliers), Lance-Corporal Hilsdon (Royal Fusiliers), and Private Croot (R.G.A.).

SPORTS AT GLASGOW.

Glasgow Academical Club athletic sports were carried through at the Academy Grounds at Anniesland yesterday before a large attendance. There were twenty-four items on the programme.

A. C. Easton carried off the school championship, his principal winning events being:—Throwing cricket ball, 88 yds. 1 ft. 6 in.; place kick, five goals in five attempts; broad jump, 17 ft. 4 in.; putting the shot, 25 ft. 8 in.; and third in the 100 yards' final. He was closely followed by A. A. Gray, who had the high jump with 4 ft. 10 in., the 100 yards' school final in 11 2-5 secs., the 120 yards' hurdle race in 20 2-5 secs., and the quarter-mile handicap (from scratch) in 59 3-5 secs. R. Bell took first in the 150 yards' junior race, C. B. Wigley winning the 100 yards (junior) easily. A. Little ran away with the 150 yards (senior) race. A. S. Dykes won the quarter-mile (from scratch) in 74 1-5 secs., although hotly pursued by J. M. Wilson, off 12 yds. The inter-house tug-of-war, for which a Cup was presented, was won by the "Hill," who beat the "North" by two pulls to one. The inter-house relay race was the tit-bit, and this was carried off by the "South," who had a capable finisher in A. A. Gray, the time being returned at 1.49 for the half mile. The inter-house seven-a-side Rugby tournament was won easily by the "South" by 1 goal 4 tries (17 points) to the "North's" 1 try (3 points).

BOXING IN GLASGOW.

A grand programme was got through last night at the club quarters at Bridgeton Cross, where there was a large attendance.

The first pair were W. Finlay (Springburn) and Owen Macbeth (Airdrie). It was a very even contest throughout, both lads mixing matters in every round, and at the finish of a gruelling sixth round the referee declared a draw.

The next pair were D. Henderson (Parkhead) and G. Gallagher (Vale of Leven), whose contest was of short duration, the Parkhead lad being badly punished in the opening exchanges, and giving up before the bell went.

R. Murray (Maryhill) and J. Muir (Glasgow) boxed for six rounds, Muir being the winner on points.

Two light-weights—Tommy Craig (Victoria) and R. Macbeth (Springburn) put up a very interesting six rounds. All the exchanges were of a lively description, and, after full distance had been covered, Craig was the winner on points.

Mr Guy Adams, Glasgow, was referee.

QUOITING.

FIRST ROUND SCOTTISH CUP.

Clydebank 80, Lightburn 62; Barrhead 89, Babcock & Wilcox 82; Douglas Water 86, Motherwell 74.

PEDS. AT POWDERHALL.

A half-mile foot handicap was run at Powderhall in five heats and a final. Result:—£5, J. Drummond, Bowhill (65 yds.); 15s, R. Reekie, Culross (90); 5s, R. Williams, Leith (75). Betting—2 to 1 on Drummond, evens Reekie, 4 to 1 against Williams. Won by inches; a foot between second and third. Time—1 min. 59 secs.

FATE OF FIGHTING FOOTBALLERS.

A message to Liverpool tells of new names added to the football list of casualties while fighting with their regiment. Mercer, the well-known Notts Forest player, has been wounded in the shoulder; Whiting, Chelsea, it is feared, is killed; Wragg, Leicester Fosse, is wounded; and Mizen, the Fulham goalkeeper, is missing.

BILLIARDS.

REECE (receives 900), ... 16,000
STEVENSON, ... 15,518

Chelsea are finishing strong.

Celts went nap at Motherwell.

Dumbarton Harp still play a winning tune.

Clyde were no shots on the day's showing.

What a day for flannels! Cricketers made a start.

Queen's were good winners versus the Clyde.

£205 all in was the charity return at Parkhead.

Renton had no option with Clydebank as they were.

The Vale's regular backs did not appear. Well played the subs.!

Cathkin Park houses the Queen's-Partick second round charity tie.

The S.F.A. secretary was interested in the Queen's-Clyde charity tie.

Waddell, of Ayr United, favoured Abercorn for the day at Paisley.

Sowerby (St Mirren) had the double count for Clydebank against Renton.

"Patsy" had the hat-trick again, and he's not yet finished for a season.

Soldier Brown was Dundee's marksman at Pittodrie. He had the double count.

Airdrie "dusted" the Lanrick Select, and Scorer Yarnall had the double count.

Alan Morton played the "tip-and-run" game at Celtic Park, and it pleased the crowd.

The undecided semi-final for the Stirlingshire Junior League was played last night, and resulted in a draw. Score:—Denny Hibs, 1; California Celtic, 1.

When Meat-eating is harmful.

EATING meat two or three times a day will do harm if you don't get regular exercise, for meat makes uric acid, and uric acid makes kidney trouble, rheumatism and nervous diseases.

That's why so many who work indoors are bothered with backache, strange pains, dizzy spells and urinary disorders, and keep getting thinner, more nervous and more discouraged.

For overworked or worn out kidneys use Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. They give the kidneys new strength to get rid of uric poisons. Help the kidneys and the medicine, too, by eating less, avoiding overwork and worry, and getting more exercise and sleep. Then the benefit will last.

The lasting benefits that Doan's Pills have brought to Glasgow are vouched for week by week in this paper by Glasgow men and women. What better evidence could be had than that of your own neighbour?

GLASGOW CASE

On March 6th, 1909, Mr. W. Birrell, of 37, Flemington Street, Springburn, Glasgow, said:—"About half an hour after I started work one morning I was seized with fierce, stabbing pains in the loins and back. When I attempted to straighten myself it felt as if a dagger were striking through my back. I had to crawl upstairs on my hands and knees. The water contained a heavy, gritty sediment, and caused acute pains in passing. The doctor who attended me said I had stone in the bladder.

"I was in despair when I tried Doan's backache kidney pills. Day by day the water became clearer, and as I persevered with Doan's pills I gradually became free from the terrible pains in my back, and it was not long before I returned to my work—well. (Signed) "W. BIRRELL."

On July 24th, 1916—over seven years later—Mr. Birrell said:—"My cure by Doan's pills has lasted over seven years, and I still keep in excellent health."

Send for Free Book on "Moderation, Cheerfulness, and Other Long Life Laws."

Be Sure you ask for DOAN'S, and Get DOAN'S—the Pills Mr. Birrell had.

All Dealers, or 2/9 a box from Foster-McClellan Co., 8 Wells St., Oxford St., London, W.

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

A GOOD LOCK-UP INVESTMENT.

(Specially Contributed to "The Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday Night.

MR BONAR LAW has become a highly popular personage in the City for not increasing the Income Tax, and there is not much sympathy to spare for most of the "War" Companies who have to pay a further increase in the Excess Profits Duty, apart from Rubber concerns.

An important development is the Anglo-American banking arrangement, which is likely to have far-reaching effects in many directions, as well as to promote easier money conditions on this side.

The Stock markets have shown the will to improve by immediately engineering a rise in gilt-edged securities, following the Budget statement, and with matters at the front going well, and the submarine menace now being tackled with every energy, there is every reason to anticipate a return of active business, and rising prices, all round the Stock markets.

By the way, the Five Per Cent. War Loan Scrip, at 94⅜ xd, is a gift to the purchaser of a substantial profit, in view of the fact that the price must gradually rise to at least par—95; while it is quite on the cards that it will go still higher.

CANADIAN RAILWAY POSITION AND PROSPECTS.

The position of the Canadian Railway Companies is very interesting at the present time.

The majority report of the Canadian Railway Commission recommends the immediate nationalisation of the Grand Trunk, Grand Trunk Pacific, Canadian Northern, and the Inter-Colonial, and the National Trans-Continental Railways; and the Dominion Government is apparently disposed to fall in with this view.

There is a good deal to be said both for and against nationalisation of railways, but as regards the Grank Trunk it is hardly fair to blame the London Board for all the misfortunes which have befallen it.

The British shareholders have stood by the company through thick and thin, and they have for all the years preceding the war borne the burden of financing the railway, so that if eventually the management is transferred to Canada they should still be entitled to a voice in it.

RUBBER COMPANIES AND EXCESS PROFITS TAX.

As usually happens in the case of the Rubber Share Market, it has lain with the Scottish operators to give a lead following the Budget proposals. For the time being they have devoted their principal attention to the older companies, which escape practically scot free from the excess profits duty.

Anglo-Malays and Gula-Kalompongs are typical examples of both classes of companies. The Anglo-Malay report shows that the distribution for the past year has been made up to 85 per cent., and that the financial position generally has been considerably strengthened. Thus, at about 14s, the 2s shares offer a yield of upwards of 12 per cent. per annum.

Amongst the younger producers, the Gula-Kalompong, which distributed 16¼ per cent. for the past year, is expected to announce a substantial interim distribution shortly in view of the rapid increase in production, so that the £1 shares at about 38s are a good lock-up investment.

EXCESS PROFITS AND OIL SHARES.

The leading shares in the Oil market have been somewhat subdued by Excess Profits Duty considerations, especially Shell Transports and Burmahs. In the case of the latter, the dividend announcements of this and the other Scottish Oil Companies are being awaited. There is, however, a good tone throughout the market, which may at any time spring forth into fresh activity.

In the meantime such shares as Lobitos and Mexican Eagle Prefs continue to fulfil the expectations expressed regarding them in this column.

Another feature has been the demand for North Caucasians, sending the price up to about 30s per share.

KAFFIR SHARES STEADY.

Amongst Kaffir shares the Modder Group has again been a strong feature—New Modderfontein at 20 7-16, and other Modders are also firmer; Goverment Areas are slightly easier, but they are, however, bound to rise together with the remaining stocks of the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company now that Mr S. B. Joel is in control here.

RHODESIANS MOSTLY FIRM.

While Chartered shares have improved, there is also a better demand for Tanganyika and Zambesia Exploring again, which are recovering on the latest favourable news concerning the production of copper of the Union Miniere for April of 2307 tons. Transvaal and Rhodesian are very strong at 1s 10½d, apparently in connection with an important land deal which is being negotiated.

ANOTHER RISE IN SILVER.

Silver has been on the upgrade again, rising to 38½d per ounce for bars, and Silver Mines generally are firm. Barriers, on the other hand, have been rather quiet, apart from Broken Hill North, which are firmer. Russian Mines are neglected.

TIN STEADIER.

Tin is now firming up again, and has advance to £231 for cash and Tin Mines will no doubt go strongl next week. Already amor gerian shares, Ropps have ta and several others are firmi news from the Cornish mines i tory. South Crofty have risen

DEAFNESS-CATARRH

EAR NOISES, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS & COLDS.

MAXIM GUN INVENTOR DISCOVERS SIMPLE HOME REMEDY

Thousands Already Relieved and Cured.

Sir Hiram Maxim's Wish that all Sufferers should have an Opportunity of Learning, Free of Charge, How to Cure Their Ailments.

Sir Hiram Maxim, the world-famous inventor of the deadly Maxim Gun, which is doing so much to help our brave soldiers in the fighting line, is brought to our notice to-day in quite a new light.

The veteran inventor is now seen in a new mission—a mission of peace that will gladden the hearts of thousands of sufferers from Catarrh, Deafness, Ear Noises, Asthma, and Hay Fever.

In a way, Sir Hiram Maxim's new invention is also a killing machine, but of quite a different type—it kills microbes—and is acknowledged by all authorities to be the best method discovered to destroy the germs which cause Catarrh and all diseases of the breathing passages.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM'S SECRET.

In a plain-spoken and well-written book just published, and translated into French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch, Sir Hiram Maxim tells us of his experiences as a sufferer from Bronchial and Catarrhal affections, and his long and patient researches before he finally discovered the secret resulting in his simple home treatment—a treatment which has already brought instant relief and cure to so many sufferers from Nose, Throat, Ear, and Chest affections.

Those who have benefited already by the curative powers of this quick and easy method include sufferers from:—

CATARRH, COLDS & COUGHS, DEAFNESS, ASTHMA, HEAD NOISES, BRONCHITIS.

Anxious to give everyone an opportunity of adopting this quick and easy cure, Sir Hiram Maxim has generally authorised his Sole Licensees to give everyone who asks for it a copy of his valuable book, which has been called a "Home Doctor," owing to the useful information it gives enabling all sufferers to obtain immediate relief in their own home.

FREE TO-DAY.

If you will therefore fill up coupon below, and post it to-day (½d. stamp only needed), or send your name and address on a postcard, the book will reach you by return, free of charge.

The method recommended by Sir Hiram Maxim is unique, and quite free from complications. It will be found that after a few minutes' use the Catarrh, Cough, or Tightness is relieved and the expectoration diminished.

The hearing improves, ear noises gradually diminish. The stuffiness in nose and uncomfortable feeling in throat and chest disappear, and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose stops, and bouts of sneezing cease instantly.

An ever-increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure of the trouble will take place in a short time.

You may have been disappointed by other methods making similar claims, but just consider the great reputation of the inventor—Sir Hiram Maxim—a name honoured the world over for his contributions to Science, and who has had decorations conferred on him by:—

The French Government, The King of Spain, The King of Portugal, etc.

Sir Hiram Maxim's discovery has already been supplied by request to WINDSOR CASTLE, and has also been used successfully by the Duchess of Leeds, Lord Wallscourt Admiral Sir William Kennedy, General Sir C. H Smith, &c., &c., and thousands of others in all stations of life.

LEARN HOW TO CURE YOURSELF TO-DAY.

If you are, therefore, suffering from any Breathing Disorders, from Catarrh, Bronchial trouble, Throat and Chest affections, Hay Fever, Deafness, Noises in the Ears, or even that dread scourge Consumption in its early stages, send the coupon below or a postcard to-day, and participate in Sir Hiram Maxim's offer of a presentation copy of the Home Doctor.

FREE COUPON

Fill in your name and address, or write it out on a sheet of paper, and send it to-day to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees, Messrs J. M. Richards & Sons, Ltd. (Dept. D. O.), 45, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me, in accordance with Sir Hiram Maxim's offer, a free copy of the "Home Doctor," describing his new home cure for catarrh, and such further free information in connection therewith which you think may be of interest to me from time to time

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Gooseberry and currant trees give promise of their best show for several years past along the Thames Valley.

A firm of coal merchants in Pancras Road has offered to hand over its depot at Drayton Park to the Islington Borough Council for the duration of the war as a municipal coal depot.

As a direct consequence of the war the profession of chartered accountants is booming.

Eggs are to be supplied to all the wounded retained in France owing to U-boat attacks on hospital ships, and the National Egg Collection for the Wounded appeals for increased support.

OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE

To Growers of VEGETABLES AND FRUIT.

THE BEST PREVENTIVE for SLUGS, CATERPILLAR, and OTHER INSECT PESTS is to SPRAY ALL PLANTS with Paterson's

CLENSEL

The Safest, Cheapest, and most effective Insecticide obtainable. Sold everywhere. Large bottles 7½d.

Full directions on every bottle.

Sole Manufacturers—

JOHN PATERSON & CO. CLENSEL WORKS, Henrietta Street, Glasgow, E.

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS

TRADE MARK

are the best remedy for Children Teething; quieting their restlessness, regulating their bowels, and improving their digestion, health, and spirits.

See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Of Chemists and Drug Stores — 1/1¼ and 2/9 per packet.

125, New North Road, London, N.

SHOPPING BY POST.

Closely set advertisements are inserted under this heading at the prepaid rate of 2d per word.

COCHRANE'S HELP YOU

start a business of your own. Make money ng genuine bargains. Drapery remnants, ymades, handkerchiefs. Write for catalogue. rance's Warehouse, 24 Victoria Bridge, Manr.

CLE covers, 3s 6d; tubes, 1s 11d; expos. 3s 6d; brakes, chains, garden gloves, 2s 11d; g gloves, 4s 11d. Rubber boots-shoes repr. Elastic stockings. Pram wheels, tyres, proof sheeting. Body belts, 2s 11d. Patent ed rupture truss. Catalogue, 550 illustra- post free. Smith's Patents, Ltd., 228 ugh High St., London, S.E.1.

PLOSIVE cigarettes, bombs, itchykoo, sneez- ng. 50 samples, 2s 6d. Britton, Linwood Manchester. 7836

ORTSMEN, farmers, horsemen, try our splen- did Yorkshire whipcord tweed; wears like ther, showerproof; 7 yards for 17s 6d. Pat- s free. Bradford Woollen Co. (68), Bradford.

d. Sunday Album of Sacred Songs, classical and popular; arranged with piano accompani- Voice part in staff and tonic sol-fa. Post 4d. W. L. Hampton, musicseller, Perth.

ALLPAPERS direct from the manufacturers. Newest designs. Lowest prices. Large or Quantities Samples free. Morris's, Vicar Leeds. 9893

Monthly.—Costumes, suits, raincoats, chil- dren's clothing, footwear, household linen, ry, jewellery, &c. On easy terms. Cata- free. Castle Supply Co., Norwich. 7005

FREE "FIRST AID" for SHATTERED NERVES

NEW BOOK OF INCALCULABLE VALUE.

IF you will write to-day you can receive gratis and post free a most fascinating book, in which the new and wonderfully successful methods of overcoming all nervous troubles is plainly described.

Hitherto, electrological treatment has been reserved for those who could pay the high fees of famous specialists in Electrotherapy, or who could spare the time to avail themselves of hospital or sanatorium treatment.

FREE TO ALL WHO SUFFER

YOU CAN RESTORE YOUR SHATTERED NERVES IN YOUR OWN HOME

This book will be sent free, without cost or obligation, if you will fill in and post the coupon below. It is an invaluable health guide that should be in every home.

The methods of applying electricity to weak, ailing, or injured bodies, as employed in the Pulvermacher Electrological Treatment, are economical, agreeable, and almost invariably successful, while the Treatment can be carried out at home or in your place of business.

If your nerves are out of order in any way this book ought to be in your hands at once, and will be read by you with enthralling interest.

This book tells you how to put your nerves in order, how to regain lost vitality, how to acquire mental clarity and balance, how to enjoy life with the zest of a healthy schoolboy, how to conquer depression, despair, melancholia.

No adequate idea of the contents could be conveyed in the space at disposal here. You must see the book for yourself. Why not obtain a copy of this free "Guide to Health and Strength" at once, together with full particulars of the Pulvermacher Appliances? Write at once.

FREE HEALTH GUIDE

By calling or posting this FREE COUPON TO-DAY you will receive the "Guide to Health and Strength." You place yourself under no obligation by applying for this Book and particulars of the Pulvermacher Appliances.

Name, ...

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Post to The Superintendent, Pulvermacher Electrological Institute, Ltd., 74, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4.

As the Solent is said to ming with fish, Cowes Council are a the removal of local restrictions

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

Through incessant recommendations of those cured, the demand is so overwhelming that every Chemist is rapidly exhausted. You can send Postal Order for 3s or 6s to 636 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5. and bottle will be sent by return of post.

LUNG TROUBLE & CONSUMPTION,

BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

The Marvellous Specific "Liq-u-fruta" that never fails—
—CHRONIC ASTHMA OF EVEN 20 YEARS' STANDING
—TERRIBLE RACKING BRONCHITIS
—LUNG TROUBLE WHEN SANATORIA AND MEDICAL TREATMENT HAD FAILED
—BLOOD SPITTING —DIFFICULT BREATHING
—BRONCHIAL CATARRH —QUINSY —CROUP
—PNEUMONIA —NASAL CATARRH
—LARYNGITIS —RACKING COUGH
—NIGHT SWEATS —CHOKING PHLEGM
—INFLUENZA —EMPHYSEMA

As supplied to the Household of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis, it will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay ... the point of death, suffering from several of the above diseases—the most skilled physicians had done their utmost, but unavailingly, for at last my doctor told me nothing more could be done, and that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and cured my only son. "LIQ-U-FRUTA" miraculously saved his life, and since that date the lives of thousands of others.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

Mrs. Topping of Newton Abbot, a few weeks since said:—"I can honestly and truthfully say 'Liqufruta' has saved my life; it is not like any other medicine, as it does not lose its effect." She now on the 29th March writes as follows:—"It makes me so happy to think of the thousands of poor sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, and Nasal Catarrh who are now finding relief and cure, and bless the day they found the wonderful remedy 'Liqufruta.' I suffered from that terrible disease Consumption, with racking cough, great wasting, and difficulty of drawing my breath, but I am glad to say I have most steadily improved, and gradually I have been losing my cough, and putting on flesh at the same time, all due to 'Liqufruta'; this remedy has proved to be the 'Elixir of Life' to me, and that after eight years' terrible suffering and having found everything else of no avail."

Just what happened to this lady, who suffered from Consumption, can happen to you—will happen to you—for there never has been a failure yet.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 580 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Glasgow Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co. and all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-, or direct and Post Free from Mr. W. Home-Newcombe, 636 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, for remittance in stamps or postal orders. For 2d. in stamps my book "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1/-, will be sent Post Free.

Liqufruta

CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

We began the war with a total of 95 submarines, built and building, as compared with an officially-estimated German strength of 50. Unfortunately, the effectiveness of submarines depends far less upon their own numbers than upon the number of possible targets that present themselves for attack. Practically speaking, there are very few targets for British boats; whereas to a German submarine anything in the open sea may be attacked in the sure knowledge that it is not a German, an Austrian, a Bulgarian, or a Turk.

The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, MAY 6, 1917.

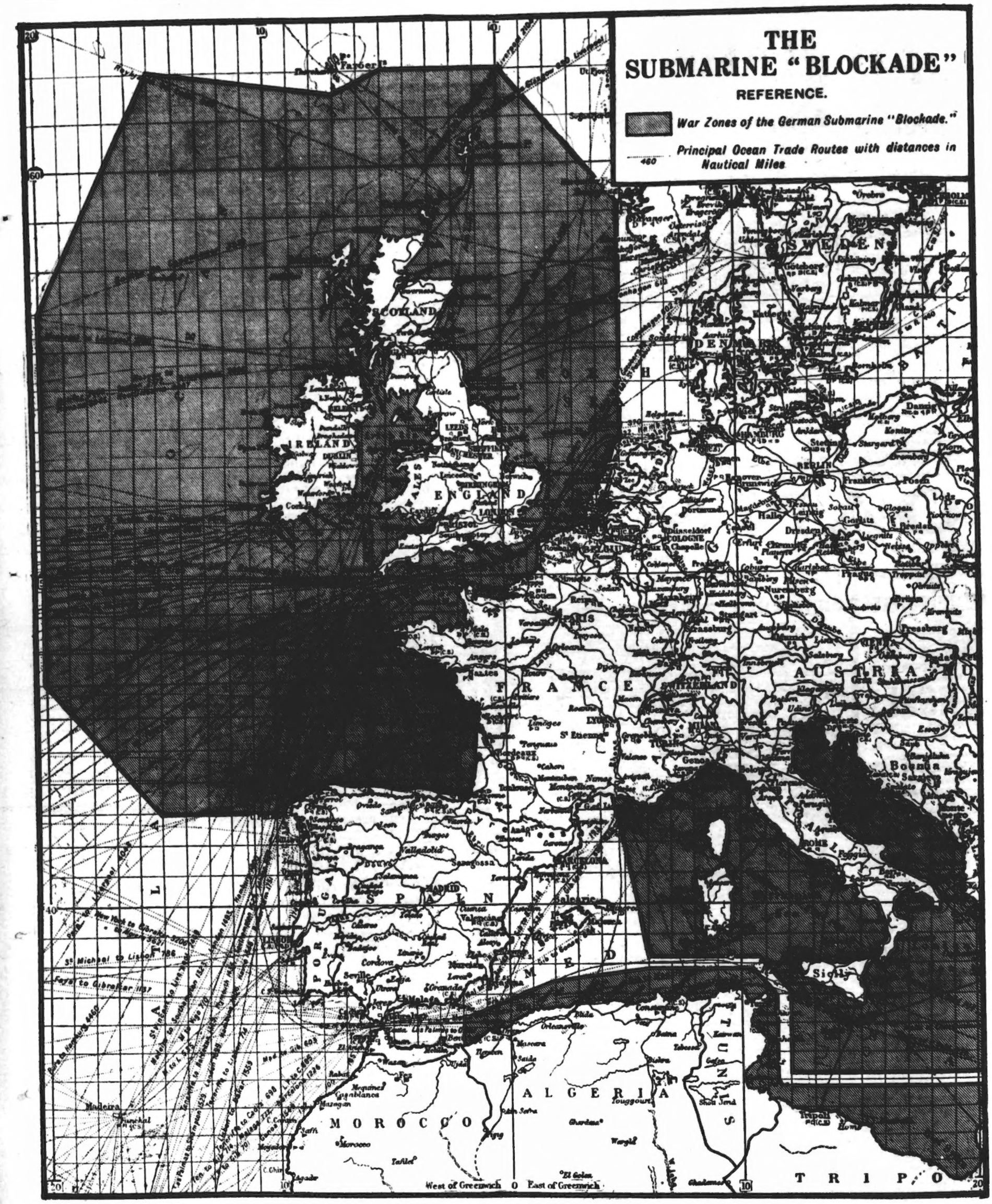
Our submarines have put hands down. One of the most fine performances of modern Nelsonism was by Admiral Sir Thomas Charteris, Earl of Wemyss, and the destroyer Vivacious in the Sea of Marmara. Our submarines have accounted for several German dreadnoughts and other types of hostile craft, though it was only natural to find the Huns making a brazen denial of these losses.

THE SUBMARINE "BLOCKADE"

REFERENCE.

War Zones of the German Submarine "Blockade."

460 Principal Ocean Trade Routes with distances in Nautical Miles



George Philip & Son, Ltd. The London Geographical Institute

The shaded sections of this map show the extent of the German submarine "blockade" as officially prescribed by the enemy. February 1st last was the date announced by the Germans upon which they would commence their intensified U-boat warfare. It was proclaimed from Berlin that Germany would prevent, "by all weapons," sea traffic in specified zones round Great Britain, France, Italy, and in the Eastern Mediterranean; the United States was to be allowed access to Falmouth with one steamer per week, and a Dutch paddle steamer was to be allowed to traverse between Flushing and Southwold! Neutral ships plying within the new-barred zones would, it was declared, do so at their own risk. Germany also made a special announcement to the effect that our hospital ships engaged on the Channel routes were to be treated as warships. Apart from its general interest this map should be studied along with the article (on page 6 of this issue) on the subject "Where Our Safety Lies Against the U-Boat Menace," by our naval correspondent, Mr Maurice Prendergast.

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